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HAPPY DAYS

A PAPER FOR YOUNG AMERICANS

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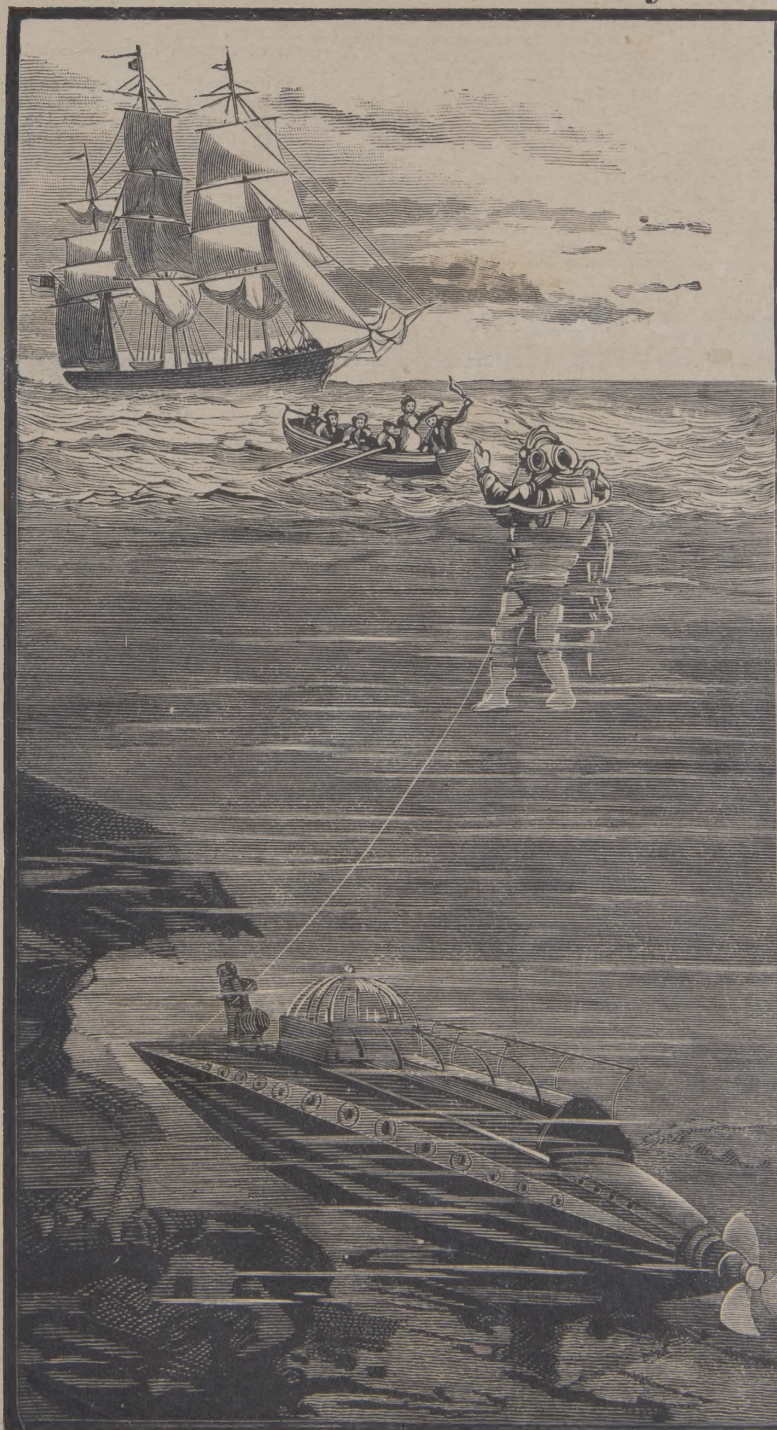
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No. 2

JACK WRIGHT, AND FRANK READE, JR., The Two Young Inventors; or,
BRAINS AGAINST BRAINS.

A Thrilling Story of a Race Around the World for \$10,000.

By "NONAME."



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Seeing that they could not persuade Jack to abandon his boat, they gave him the suits, he closed his visor and tugged the rope. Tim understood the signal and pulled him down.

"Steer so I can snatch her up from the saddle, Barney!" cried Frank. Then he slid down to the looped end of the rope in which he placed his foot, and as the Storm King rushed on, he was swept over the plumed heads of the screaming Indians.

Jack Wright, and Frank Reade, Jr., the Two Young Inventors.

By "NOMAME."

CHAPTER IV.

INTO THE DEADLY WHIRL.

"By heavens, we will perish now!"
 "Ach, let us dry ter got to der top ohf der sea!"
 "Oh, why did I ever come down here in this boat!"
 "Papa—oh, papa, save me!"
 "Jack, my lad, I'm afereed we are done fer!"
 "Silence!" exclaimed the young inventor, sternly, as his five companions gave utterance to the foregoing cries of alarm. Instantly every voice was hushed.
 Not a sound was heard, except the roaring and gurgling of the brine as it poured into the Sea Serpent through the gaping hole torn in her hull after she collided with the rock.
 Jack had risen to his feet and stopped the driving screw.
 He pondered a moment, everyone eying him expectantly and suspensefully, for they saw that he had something important to say.
 "I will save your lives!" he exclaimed, finally.
 "How? How? How?" they asked wildly.
 "By encasing you in diving suits."
 "Hurrah! Hurrah!" they yelled.
 Their awful anxiety was relieved at once.
 "Tim—Fritz—come to the store room with me!"
 Down the spiral stairs they hastened, and quickly putting on a suit apiece, they carried the three remaining costumes up to the turret and aided Tom Forrest, the young girl and the old man to put them on.

They were metal suits, with weights, knapsacks filled with air on the backs, and electric lamps on the helmets, run by small, powerful batteries of Jack's invention, secured in cylinders on the knapsacks.
 Just then the monkey and parrot began to yell.
 It made Tim and Fritz feel bad to think their pets would get drowned when they all went down in the cabin, but Jack said: "Tim, you take the monkey, and you the parrot, Fritz. There is room to squeeze them between your suits and bodies for awhile."

"Ay, now," gladly cried Tim, "jist ther werry idee."
 "Shimney Christmas! Ve don't vill lost dem after all."
 And opening their suits, the Dutchman and the sailor found they could do as Jack suggested, and secured their howling pets.
 The hole had been torn in the hull just abaft of the forward air chamber, and the water was rushing in, rapidly filling the rooms.
 Its weight had carried the boat to the bottom.

Jack seized a coil of rope, and then exclaimed:
 "Close your visors and come to the exit chamber with me. In a few minutes the interior will be flooded. I'll get this old gentleman and his daughter up to the surface. The ship I wanted to put them on must be close by now—"

"And me?" asked Forrest, in eager, bland tones of entreaty.
 "You will remain below with Tim and Fritz to help repair the boat if it is possible. Confound the accident! We endanger our lives and lose valuable time. Frank Reade, Jr., will keep gaining all the while we are obliged to stop here, and may win the race!"

A disappointed look crossed Forrest's dark face.
 He was going to argue the point, as he was very much frightened over the peril they were in, but Jack curtly stopped him by closing his visor.

They then went aft, entered a small, metal-lined room, closed the door, and pulling a lever attached to the wall, Jack opened a valve admitting the water.
 In this manner they accustomed themselves to the pressure of the outer sea, and when Jack opened the door, they felt no evil result.

Numberless fishes were swimming around them in the brine, and they observed that the boat had sunk to the bottom near the mass of jagged rocks, against which she had crashed.

Getting up on the deck, Jack tied one end of the rope he carried, to his body, placed the other end in Tim's hands, and took the leaden weights from the suits of the old gentleman and his daughter.

Fritz then unfastened Jack's weights, and the three were carried to the surface by the air in the knapsacks.

There they floated as buoyantly as if held up by cork life preservers, and opening their visors, they glanced around the sunlit sea.

Not a quarter of a mile away there was a full rigged ship, under a cloud of snowy

canvas, heading for Boston Harbor, and several of the crew, catching view of the divers, rushed to the port bulwarks.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted Jack at the top of his voice.

"Ahoy!" came the faint, distant response like an echo.

"Help—help!"

"Ay, ay! We'll pick you up."

The vessel's course was changed, and she sped toward them.

On she came like a thing of life, and when near them she hauled up in the wind, a boat was lowered, manned, and pulled toward them.

It soon reached them, and the old gentleman and his daughter got in.

Jack refused to enter, and said to the surprised sailors:

"This lady and gentleman will explain. Now, my friends, if you will take off those diving suits and hand them to me, I'll go down again."

"But you may not be able to repair your boat," expostulated the old gentleman.
 "You and your friends had better get on this ship."

"If we fail to save the Sea Serpent, we can easily save ourselves."

Seeing that they could not persuade Jack to abandon his boat, they gave him the suits, he closed his visor and tugged the rope.

Tim understood the signal and pulled him down.

The surprised sailors then received an explanation, rowed away, and the old gentleman and his daughter ultimately reached home in safety.

Dragged to the bottom by Tim, the young inventor closely examined the injury done to the hull of the boat and found that it could be repaired by taking out the broken plate and setting in a new one.

As the air in their knapsacks would only last a few hours, they had no time to waste, so tools were procured at once from the store-room and they set to work at a rapid pace.

It was a very difficult task, as protracted movements under the water are exhausting, but they persevered and finally finished the job.

Going inside the boat with his companions, Jack then fastened the hose to the pump and the water was emptied from within.

She slowly rose as it continued to pour out of her, until at last she reached the surface and floated once more in safety.

Then such a hearty cheer as our friends uttered has seldom been heard, and the doors and windows were flung open to let the interior dry.

Nothing had been seriously damaged in the boat by the flood, and as the machinery was yet working, Jack exclaimed:

"And now to go on! We have lost five hours by this delay!"

He pulled the starting lever, and the Sea Serpent dashed away on the surface of the rolling ocean, all her crew feeling happy again.

Tim, Fritz and Forrest went down into the cabin, to take off their diving suits, but they had scarcely reached the foot of the stairs, when the Dutchman suddenly gave a wild yell:

"Ach du lieber Gott!" he gasped, as he paused and clutched at his stomach with both hands, while his eyes stuck out like a bull frog. "Stob him! Oh! Ouch! Himmel! Took it off!"

"Lord amighty," grunted Tim, hopping aside, "he's got ther jim-jams!"

"Safe me!" roared Fritz in tones of misery, as he collapsed and rolled on the floor, kicking his heels in the air. "Murder! Murder! He vos bitin' a hole in mein stomachs alretty! Call de bolice! Send fer der doctor! Shimney Christmas, dis vos awful!"

"Say," shouted Tim, keeping off at a respectful distance. "Whar did yer catch it, my lad?"

"Catch vot?" groaned Fritz.

"That jag. Got'em bad, ain't yer?"

A sudden spasm seemed to suddenly double the fat little Dutchman up, and he let out a shriek like a rusty steam whistle, writhed all around the floor, and made a frantic effort to get out of his diving suit.

In this he succeeded, when out popped Bismarck.

The parrot looked as if he had been pulled through a gas pipe; but, although he failed to bite a hole in Fritz's stomach, he was mad over the close confinement he received, and began to swear like a trooper.

Seeing the cause of the Dutchman's agony, Tim and Forrest burst into an uproarious peal of laughter.

"Oh, scuttle me, if this ain't rich!" screamed Tim, bending over and clapping his legs, and "ha, ha, haing" until the tears ran from his solitary eye. "Oh, Lor! Oh, my! Wot a joke! Wot a—oh—ouch!"

He, too, suddenly paused, and with a look of mingled surprise and dismay upon his face, grabbed at his own stomach.

"Whiskers!" he yelled, "an' bust my binnacle, if ther leetle lubber ain't a-tryin' ter pull ther inwards outer me! Whoop! Git out o' ther way."

And away Tim stumped with the grace of an elephant to rip open his diving-suit and liberate the howling monkey, while Fritz took his turn at laughing and shouted derisively:

"Hey, Dim, vot vill yer took fer dot load?"

On the following morning the Sea Serpent was far out toward the mid Atlantic, and the sky had a dark, storm-threatening appearance.

Jack sat at the table in the cabin, studying a number of maps and charts when Tom Forrest strolled in, twisting the ends of his black mustache and wearing a bland smile upon his dark face.

"AL, Wright," he remarked, in soft, purring tones, "Busy?"

The young inventor gave a slight start, and a look of annoyance crossed his thin face, for this man had a disagreeable fashion of gliding about noiselessly and pouncing on him most unexpectedly.

"How startling you are, Forrest. 'Why don't you let a fellow know when you are coming?' I am studying the course."

"Pardon me for taking you unawares," said Forrest, insinuatingly. "I walk very lightly, and you was deeply engrossed in your work. How are you going to make the shortest cuts to beat Reade around the world?"

"I haven't got it all planned yet. But for the start we must run over the Atlantic to the Mediterranean. Going through that sea to the Suez Canal, we must run down to the Red Sea, and thence into the Indian Ocean."

"Ah, yes; quite an excellent plan. If you and Reade were to make equal time, and should meet at the antipodes of the place from whence you started, what part of the world would that be?"

"That depends upon how you mean," replied Jack. "If we were to travel on the 42 degree of longitude, the spot you allude to would be about at that point in Mongolia where the city of Bomdarn stands, north of the great wall of China, where it crosses the Yellow river. If you mean just diametrically opposite our starting point it would be in the South Indian Ocean about at 42 degrees south longitude, and latitude 110. In other words, we would meet about 1 degree south of Cape Leeuwin, Australia. We have, however, made a different arrangement verbally. Reade could easily win by following the course I first mentioned. To make it a fair race though, he agreed to go partially by the tortuous, winding course I am obliged to follow in the sea, and along the coast to avoid the land. We have therefore agreed to make Singapore at the entrance of the straits of Malacca, the antipodes of our starting place."

"Oh, I see! An honorable arrangement. But can you trust Reade to do it?"

"I would trust him with my life. A finer fellow than Frank Reade, Jr., I never met before!" said Jack, emphatically. "Besides, you must not forget that while you are aboard this boat to see fair play for him Dobbs is aboard the Storm King to see that I get my just dues."

"Very true," assented Forrest, with a grim smile.

While they were thus conversing the impending storm broke and began to rage with all the fury of a hurricane.
 A dark, leaden hue covered the sky, the wind roared, torrents of rain beat down, and the waves rose and rolled to a great height.

Tim was an expert navigator, and held the wheel, while Fritz had gone to the engine room, to lubricate the machinery.
 As the day advanced, the storm increased in severity, and the little submarine boat was rolled and tossed about like a cockle shell.

"We are losing time this way," said Jack, restlessly, as he entered the turret in the afternoon, where Fritz stood, having relieved the sailor.

"I tink so neider," assented the Dutchman, in troubled tones, "and I believe me dot ve vos besser dive unter der sea."

"Just my intention," Jack answered.

"If we get down deep enough to escape the wave motion, and avoid the heavy currents, we can make faster progress. Give me the wheel, and you examine the indicators."

Fritz resigned his place to the young inventor, and then turned his attention upon the dials hanging on the wall.

"Der air chambers vos full," he announced presently.

"Are the storage batteries fully charged?"

"Yah, und der dynamos und modors vos all vorkin' righd."

"Good! See that all the doors and windows are secured, and I will submerge her," said Jack, briefly.

Fritz left the glass turret and carried out this order.

In a few minutes he shouted to the inventor:

"Led her go, Shack!"

Down sunk the boat, and when she reached a depth of four hundred feet she paused in a quiet region just above the

Middle Ground of the great Atlantic basin, and continued on her way rapidly again.

Jack kept the search-light blazing ahead and the fishes and marine animals dashed out of the boat's way. She cut along through dense forests and jungles of huge plants rising from the bottom, and finally reached an open desert of gleaming white sand littered with shells.

Here the young inventor noticed that a strong current resisted her, and as she went further along it grew heavier and more powerful.

Upon finding that this current was stronger than the boat's screw, he became alarmed and tried to turn the Sea Serpent out of it.

To his dismay he quickly discovered that he could not budge her.

The current was whirling in great circles, and despite all of Jack's efforts to drive her away, she went around and around with it, her gyrations getting faster every moment.

She was being drawn into the center of the vast vortex, and the circles she described became shorter and shorter.

In a few moments she was entirely beyond Jack's control.

He now saw in the middle of the great ring of swirling water an immense opening in the ground, down into which the brine was rushing, arousing a deep, thunderous roar in the boat.

Above this yawning abyss the brine was lashed into a white froth, into which the boat was slowly but surely being dragged.

The awful noise brought Jack's companions rushing up into the turret to find out what occasioned it.

"We are being sucked into the seething vortex of a whirlpool," cried Jack, in answer to their anxious questions, "and I can't get her out of it."

A shout of intense alarm escaped the three.

The next moment the boat madly plunged forward into the violent whirl and was dragged down—down—down into the terrible depths of the vortex, her crew unable to do anything to stop her.

CHAPTER V.

AMONG THE INDIANS.

THE peril in which Frank and his companions found themselves placed was so appalling that even the daring young inventor was awed, despite the fact that he had often faced death in its most terrible forms.

He glared around the room in which the fire was raging and saw that not only was the flying machine doomed, but that there was not an avenue of escape open for them.

Only the most desperate risk would give them the faintest chance to save their lives, and as every moment was precious Frank made up his mind to try a plan he had in view.

Accordingly he shouted to his companions:

"Wrap yourselves in the bed blankets and follow me!"

"Beheavens!" gasped Barney, "we'll never git out av this aloivel!"

"What are you going to do?" demanded Benjamin Dobbs, in alarm.

"Reach the deck through the trap in the next room."

"Go!" roared Pomp, who was trembling like an aspen. "Ise chokin' ter dess breavin' dis yere heat! Oh, golly, I'se scorchin'!"

In a twinkling they had themselves wrapped in the blankets and led by Frank they dashed into the adjoining room.

It was filled with fire that crackled, snapped and devoured the light woodwork greedily, while from the oil-soaked floor there roared up a veritable furnace about their legs.

The wonder was that they did not perish of suffocation before they reached the stairs, rushed up, flung open the trap, and got on deck.

Their blankets were in flames; they flung them away and they fluttered earthward through the black gulf below like huge meteors.

Up through the trap poured great tongues of flame that darted high in the air, until Frank slammed down the door.

Nothing but the extreme speed with which they raced through the fiery room saved them from being severely burned, for their injuries thus far were very trifling compared with what they expected.

Still they were in a terrible position, standing there on the hot deck in a dense cloud of blinding smoke, shooting through the air like a gunshot, with streaks of fire flying out of every opening in the airship.

The heat on the deck was almost unbearable, and they could not long withstand the stranguing smoke.

Frank was ready for this emergency however, for a fierce feeling of triumph filled his mind over their success thus far.

He grasped a long, wire-rope ladder, one end of which was fastened to two ringbolts

in the deck, and dropped the other end overboard.

Down it went far below the air-ship and he shouted to his companions:

"Get down on that."

"But you?" faintly asked Dobbs.

"I'm going to try to land the Storm King."

Down the ladder they went to the end, and there the three hung swaying, Dobbs bitterly reproaching himself mentally, for having let the oil run out of the tank and all wondering how the fire originated.

Frank rushed over to the turret. There were flames shooting up into it from the cabin.

He dared not enter, but as the keyboard was near the open window, he crouched behind the metal plates, reached in his arm, and although it was scorched he pressed the proper keys.

The three driving wheels ceased their revolutions at once, and the two helices and the vertical screws stopped.

Had not the big parachute-like wings been spread out at each side, the Storm King would have gone down like a stone.

But they buoyed her, and although she sunk faster than was consistent with comfort, she did not suddenly drop earthward.

The oppressive heat caused Frank to hasten away.

Reaching the wire ladder, he was going to descend and join his three friends, who were hanging far below, when out from three bull's-eyes, over which the ladder hung, shot the flames.

They cut off his descent.

Almost fainting, Frank drew back.

"I've probably saved the rest, if I die myself!" he gasped, hoarsely.

He glared up at the black sky, as the air ship plunged rapidly down toward the earth, and wondered why the impending storm did not break.

The deck was so hot his feet were blistered, and he could not stand still.

He finally got out on the long bowsprit, and clinging to one of the stays he gained some relief, and peered down below.

The Storm King had been descending swiftly, and a cry of alarm now escaped Frank's lips, for he saw that they were plunging into a river.

"By heavens, fate seems to be against me!" he muttered. "It is not enough that the fire devours the air-ship, but to make her destruction more certain, she is threatened with being sunk forever in this stream!"

He had scarcely more than time enough to think of this when there came a wild yell from Barney, Pomp and Dobbs, and then, with a violent splash, the flying machine struck the water and sank!

Frank and his companions were left on the surface, and the lurid fire in the Storm King was extinguished like the snuffing of a candle.

"Help! Help!" yelled Dobbs, floundering about wildly. "I can't swim!"

Frank could not see his companions in the gloom, but guided to the villain by his frantic screams, he seized Dobbs just as he was sinking.

"Stop struggling!" the inventor exclaimed.

"Oh, save me!" howled the terrified speculator, clutching Frank in a vise-like grip. "I can't keep up any longer. I don't want to die!"

"I can't do anything for you, if you don't keep still."

"Yes, yes! I'll do anything you say, only hold me up."

Frank felt a supreme contempt for the cowardly fellow, but he held him up with one hand and swam with the other.

In this manner they headed for the shore.

"Howls beans!" roared Barney's voice, behind them. "Pomp! Pomp! ye devil, where are ye at all, at all?"

"Bress de Lamb, heah I is! Doan' yo' see me?" sputtered Pomp, nearby.

"How kin a mon see a black mark on a lump av coal?"

"Follow me, boys!" called Frank, cheerily.

Finally reaching shoal water they waded ashore, drenched to the skin, but the cool water relieved the pain of the burns they received.

In a few moments they were gathered in an excited group, excitedly discussing the origin of the catastrophe, their miraculous escape, and the location of the flying machine in the river.

Although glad to save their lives they were discouraged over the fatal termination of their aerial voyage the very first night out.

"That settles our race against Jack Wright," said Frank, sadly, "for he can complete the trip and win in a walkover."

"Faix, that's ther fortune av war!" groaned Barney. "He probably has tuck chances as great as our own be goin' under ther say in that boat."

"Whar am we, chillen?" asked Pomp, staring around blankly.

"In the rain, for one place," dryly replied Dobbs, as the storm broke. "And I think we had better get under shelter as fast as possible."

"We must mark this spot to locate the Storm King," said Frank.

"Dar am some rocks nigh de sho'; let's git ter de leeward ob dem," Pomp suggested. "We kin stay dar till daylight, honey."

The rocks in question were a poor shelter, but it was much better than remaining exposed to the deluge of rain, so they got under a projecting ledge, wrung out their clothes, and remained there until daylight.

Pomp then went up a tree to survey the situation.

When he came down he announced that there was a town standing on the bank of the river, about two miles away.

Frank suggested that they go to it, and get assistance to raise the Storm King, to see if she could be repaired, and all assented.

Marking the spot where they landed, they set out along the river bank, just as the rain ceased falling and the sun began to rise.

There was a rapid current in the stream, and numerous rocks and shoals cropped up from its bed at intervals.

Not more than half the distance to the town had been covered, when Frank, who strode on in advance of his companions, halted suddenly, and pointing out in the stream toward one of the shoals, he cried: "There's the Storm King, afloat, by thunder!"

"Erin go Bragh!" yelled Barney, as he saw the air-ship lying stranded on the shoal. "Bedad she wazn't dhrondred at all. Hurroo! Pomp, ye shpalpeen, it's that over'yed I bes, that I could knock an oye out av ye!"

And in the exuberance of his feelings, the jolly Irishman gave the delighted coon such a thump on the back that Pomp turned a somersault and landed in the water.

The outer part of the machine was intact excepting that the flames had scorched the aluminum plates in places, and it was very evident to Frank that her fall in the river extinguished the fire at once.

As she had risen immediately after her plunge, not enough water had been shipped to keep her sunk, and the current had evidently carried her down to the shoal during the night and stranded her there.

"Swim out to her, Pomp, as long as you are in the water," cried Frank, "and if you can throw us a line, we'll pull her over here."

The coon complied as the distance was short.

He soon got aboard of her.

There were no ropes on the deck, but he got hold of the end of the wire ladder, and swam ashore with it.

All hands then seized it, and by their united strength pulled the Storm King over to the shore, and got up on her deck. Frank and his crew then entered the turret.

Everything was scorched, but no serious damage was done here, and they went down into the cabin, and found the interior badly burned.

The adjoining rooms had been almost gutted, although the fire had not been raging more than five minutes, the wood work was charred, the paint was blistered, the carpets and furniture were in ashes, and the metal was discolored.

Only the store-room and engine-room escaped injury as the doors leading into them had been closed.

Had the fire reached the ammunition the Storm King would have been blown to pieces, and could it have blazed in among the machinery there would have been no further use for the air-ship.

Now, however, Frank was delighted to see that she could be repaired and not much time should be lost about it either.

He instructed his companions how to proceed, and although Dobbs was secretly hoping they could not continue the trip he had to help to tear the burnt and ruined parts out of her.

The machinery was put in order, and new wires were run from it to the turret as the old ones had been burnt out.

Frank then went to the town and purchased a great many things to replace those destroyed by the fire which he brought back in a cart.

Nearly a whole day was thus lost, for they had to pump the water out of her.

But as soon as everything he bought was stowed aboard the Storm King, the young inventor directed Barney and Pomp to remove the last traces of the fire, and put in new woodwork, paint the burnt places, tack down new carpets, put the new furniture in its place, and, in fact, restore the air-ship to its wonted appearance.

While this was being done he pressed the helix key, and the Storm King rose in the air to a height of five hundred feet and sped away.

Barney and Pomp were thus putting her in order while she continued along on her westward journey, so no time was lost, except that which had been unavoidable.

Frank and his two friends did not then discover how the flying machine happened to catch afire, but they had immediately

seen that the oil had run out of the tank, and the supply was replenished.

"It is one of the most mysterious accidents that ever happened to me," said the young inventor to Dobbs, who was in the turret with him, "and I can't imagine what caused it. But it didn't end our trip after all."

"Why, I never heard of such a strange thing before as the way that fire originated," replied the speculator, with a shudder.

"Nor can I understand how the oil tank faucet got open."

"Neither can I," declared Dobbs, in solemn tones.

A favoring breeze sprang up that night, and they sped along over the western plains at a rapid rate of speed until there appeared a rugged, mountainous stretch of country far ahead on the following day.

Barney had control of the wheel and Pomp had taken the ladder off the ringbolts in the deck to repair it, when Frank and Dobbs came out, the speculator carrying a coil of thin, strong manilla rope.

They had scarcely reached the deck when the distant report of a rifle reached their ears, coming from the southward.

It was followed by a muffled shriek, and then a wild chorus of yells.

Rapidly glancing in the direction these ominous sounds came from, a thrilling scene met Frank's view.

A league away to the southward there was a large steep hill down the side of which a band of mounted Indians went thundering in hot pursuit of a young army officer and a young girl, both of whom were on fine bay horses, flying for their lives.

The savages were yelling like demons, and brandishing their tomahawks, knives and lances, and as the officer and the girl sped along, he turned in his saddle every few moments, and discharged a revolver back at their pursuers.

"Heavens!" cried Frank. "See there, the Indians will kill them!"

As he spoke, a shower of spears were hurled at the gallant young officer, and pierced by several of the deadly shafts, he toppled from the saddle a corpse, and his riderless horse dashed off in another direction.

Left undefended, the poor girl lashed her horse frantically and it rushed ahead at redoubled speed, with the savage horde in chase.

One of the warriors reined in his mustang beside the fallen officer, sprang to the ground with a knife in his hand, and uttering a blood-curdling war-whoop, he gashed off the brave man's scalp lock, and flourished it in the air.

On flew the rest of the fiendish band after the terrified girl.

"Barney!" cried Frank, excitedly. "Follow them! Lower the machine!"

Around curved the Storm King, and down she swooped toward the ground, as she raced away with increased speed after the Indians.

"Oh, golly!" roared Pomp, in a fever of suspense. "Kin yo' save her?"

"I'll try hard!" exclaimed Frank. "Arm yourself, Pomp!"

Away scuttled the coon, and Dobbs asked:

"What are you going to do?"

"Cheat those braves out of their prey!" replied Frank, resolutely.

The air-ship's descent was stopped fifty feet from the ground.

Grasping the coil of rope carried by Dobbs, the inventor tied one end to one of the ladder ringbolts, and dropped the rest overboard.

"When I shout, send her up, Barney!" cried Frank.

"I understand," replied the Irishman from the turret.

Grasping the rope, Frank slid over the side.

"Steer so I can snatch her up from the saddle, Barney," he cried.

Then he slid down to the looped end of the rope, in which he placed his foot, and as the Storm King rushed on, he was swept over the plumed heads of the screaming Indians.

"If he were to fall among that horde," flashed across the evil mind of Dobbs, "they would make a captive of him, and this trip would come to a sudden end. I'll unfasten the rope and let him go!"

He cast a quick glance around.

No one saw him.

Stooping, he rapidly unknotted the line from the ring-bolt.

Frank was just about to seize the terrified girl, when the rope to which he clung with one hand, suddenly became detached from the air ship, and he fell heavily to the ground and rolled over.

The next moment the Indians dashed up to him, his prostrate body was surrounded by flying hoofs, and a score of weapons were raised to deal him a death blow!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAPPY DAYS IS THE BOSS OF ALL BOYS' PAPERS.

A LITTLE FUN.

"Jackson tells me the last thing he wrote was accepted. Do you know what it was?" "Yes; his resignation."

She—Why, I'm not ready to marry, Mr. Freshman. He—Will you let me know when you are? She—Certainly, sir. I'll send you a wedding card.

"Mamma," said little Mattie, after eating a hearty dinner, "I'm awful drunk." "Drunk, my child! What do you mean?" "I mean I'm just as tight as I can be."

"How did the ink get all over this table?" asked a mother of her little daughter. "It run out all by its own self quick as the bottle was upset," was the child's reply.

A country bridegroom, when the bride hesitated to pronounce the word "obey," remarked to the officiating clergyman: "Go on, measter—it don't matter; I can make her."

"I don't think it was fair. Jack was ahead most all the time, but they gave the prize to a man that was ahead only a second just at the end," said a small boy whose big brother had lost the foot race.

"Stop that smoking, sir!" "Go to blazes; thou art not Cassius." "Well, I want you to understand that I'm the proprietor of this establishment." "Well, don't get gay. I'm the new office boy—see?"

Mr. Goodheart—Are you a sufferer from the recent strike, my poor man? Rambling Richard—Yes, ma'm; I was obliged to walk all the way from Chicago to Buffalo on account o' de freight car blockade.

"Can't stay long, Mrs. Snow; I just come to see ef yo' wouldn't join de mission band," said Mrs. Johnsing. "Fo' de lan' sakes, honey, doan' come to me. I can't even play on a mouf organ," replied Mrs. Snow.

Father McNally (with righteous indignation)—For shame on ye, O'Beary! Ye're half drunk! O'Beary (apologetically)—I know it, yer worship; but it's not my fault. O'Beary shpint all the money Oi had.

Mr. Cohen—Now, Esau, I haf made my will and left everything I have to you. Esau—Yes, vader? Mr. Cohen—Yes; and, as you get all the benefits, I'll keep the cost of making the will out of your next week's salary.

Caller—I would like to see the religious editor. Office Boy—Yes, sir; you'll find him in de next room, an' you'll know him by his pink shirt, wit' a big diamond in de chest of it, an' by his blue necktie an' by his check suit an' his patent ladder, pointed toed shoes.

The glowing reporter who wrote with reference to a well known belle, "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boots," tied wardrobe up in his handkerchief and left for parts unknown when it appeared next morning: "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for ferry boats."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

In the shop of a St. Petersburg watchmaker a human-faced clock is on view—the only one of its kind. The hands are pivoted on its nose, and any messages that may be spoken into its ear are repeated by a phonograph through its mouth.

A burglar got into a room over an Edgerton, Wis., bank, and when night came spent two hours cutting a hole through the floor in order to let himself down with a rope ladder. Of course the safe was locked, and, as he had provided no means of blowing it open, he didn't get a cent.

A woman inventor has constructed a table which waits upon itself. The table is round, and the stationary space for plates, etc., is about ten inches wide. Within the circle is a revolving disk an inch or two higher than the stationary part. On this the food is placed, and a simple turn will bring the desired article within reach.

A piece of string makes a simple barometer. Take a piece of string about fifteen inches long, saturate it in a strong solution of salt water, let it dry, and then tie a light weight on one end and hang it up against a wall and mark where the weight reaches to. The weight rises for wet weather and falls for fine. The string should be placed where the outside air can freely get to it.

A rich foreigner, who settled in Marseilles a few years ago, had made elaborate preparations for dying by his own hand whenever he decided that the moment had come. He built a vault, which could be hermetically sealed, in a corner of his garden, furnished with a reclining chair, two large candelabra, and two pans, filled with charcoal, ready to light. He entered the vault frequently, but not until a fortnight ago did he close the door and light the charcoal. He was found dead in the chair.

On a balmy day last spring in Pocatello, Ida. ho, late in the afternoon a drizzling rain blew up, carried on a wind directly from the south. It was of peculiar whiteness, and, after it had passed, every one who had happened to have been out in it, and who wore a dark suit of clothes or dark hat, noticed that their clothes and hat were covered with thousands of tiny white specks. Later it was noticed that every window in town looking to the south was also covered with white spots. "It has been raining mud," said every one who noticed the phenomenon at first, but later some of the curious tried tasting the spots. They had a distinctly salty flavor, and an analysis made later by druggists proved that they were salt. The question now is, where did the salt come from? There can only be one answer—from the Great Salt Lake, nearly 300 miles south in Utah. It must have been a warm day over the great dead sea when a strong south wind swept over it, catching up the salty vapor and sweeping it north to Idaho, and finally bespattering the clothes and windows of the good people of Pocatello with the salty spray.

Lost at the Pole:

OR, The Secret of the Arctic Circle.

BY ALBERT J. BOOTH,

Author of "Adrift in the Sea of Grass,"
"Castaway Castle," "The Boy Pri-
vateer Captain," "The Mad Ma-
room," "A Monte Cristo at
Eighteen," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

MORE EVIDENCE—MAKING THEMSELVES
COMFORTABLE—THE RETURN
TO THE SHIP.

PHIL suddenly arose to his feet, caught up the stock of the broken rifle that lay at the dead man's side, and cried excitedly:

"Do you see this, Jack? I knew that my poor father had been foully dealt with, and here is the proof."

"What do you—?"

"Do you see the name engraved on this plate? It is that of Casper Dalton, my father's murderer!"

"Murderer?"

"Yes," said Phil, in a hoarse whisper as he tore away the hood over the dead man's head. "Ah, as I thought! He was struck on the head with this rifle, his skull was broken, the weapon was shattered by the force of the blow. This rifle belongs to Casper Dalton, left here as damning evidence against him. The scoundrel lied, he said that my father was crushed under tons of falling ice."

"Yes, I heard him say that—"

"He lied, but Heaven has revealed to me the truth at last, has shown to me my father's fate, has unmasked the murderer, and now, as I live, it will give me the means to bring the miscreant to justice!"

"But Dalton has disappeared. No one knows where he has gone. He may be dead."

"No, he lives," cried Phil. "I am sure of it. Heaven would not let him escape so easily. He lives, and one day I shall see him brought to justice."

"But this body," said Jack, "What shall we do with it?"

"Let it remain here for a time, and then take it to the ship, and when we leave this place carry it back home to its native land."

Then the boy knelt beside the last that remained of his beloved parent, and Jack turned away and left him alone for a time with the dead.

After a time Phil arose and said gravely:

"This is the secret that I have come all the way to the Arctic Circle to discover. I know now that my father was murdered, and by whom. Casper Dalton killed him that he might inherit a fortune, but forgot that he must bring proofs of my father's death."

"He had already lied in saying that the captain had been crushed under falling ice, and one lie begot another. The crime of envy was succeeded by murder and falsehood. But here is the evidence, and the day will come when the murderer will stand convicted."

"It is growing late," said Jack, "we had better return. You know there are not more than four or five hours of daylight now."

"Yes, we have no time to lose," said Phil, hurrying toward the mouth of the cave.

When he reached the open air he found a strong wind blowing and feared to trust himself to the mercy of the storm over an unknown road.

"What do you say, Jack?" he asked. "We don't know our way and it seems to me that in this storm which threatens, we will be very apt to—"

"It's a risk, Phil," said Jack, looking at the sky. "We're not sure of our way. I can't see one familiar landmark. I'm afraid we'll have to—"

At that instant even, a fierce gust of wind laden with fine ice and snow, swept upon the boys and drove them into the cave.

The sky grew as black as night and for a few minutes there was a violent snow squall which blotted everything from sight.

"I'm afraid that settles it," said Jack, when they were within the cave, beyond the influence of the fierce wind. "We'd better make up our minds to stay here for some time longer yet."

"Do you think we could find our way back to the place where we found the coal beds without a light?" asked Phil.

"Possibly. Why?"

"It would be very convenient to have a fire."

"How would you light it?"

"There is moss under the snow."

"That would not be sufficient."

"There are stunted trees. I saw two or three when we went out."

"And we have axes. You're a genius, Phil."

"Oh, no. I use my eyes; that's all."

"I'll go for the wood if you bring the coal."

"There's as much risk in one as the other."

"Very well. It's not so far, and I think it's a settled thing that we're to stay here all night."

"Ugh! I think so, too!" muttered Jack, as a stronger blast than before drove the snow into the cave almost to his feet.

"Watch your chance, old man, and don't go too far away," said Phil. "I shan't be long; not more than an hour at all events. I shall use some matches, but not many. I'm getting short of them."

keep the fire going than for fear of unwelcome intruders.

In the end, however, Phil dropped off into a sound sleep, and did not awaken until Jack shook him and said:

"Come—come, old chap, it's time to get up."

Phil sat up, rubbed his eyes, looked around him, and asked:

"Why, have I been asleep? What time is it?"

"Don't know, but it must be morning. There's a surprise for you."

"What is it? Have the men come to look for us?"

"No: but the snow has drifted and driven in till the entrance to our cave is all choked up."

"What! We can't get out?"

"Well, I'm a little afraid to risk it for fear the snow will tumble in on me."

"Well, there's the other entrance."

"Yes, and we have our axes. It's easier

have slept longer than we thought this morning."

"I see it, and we'd better make haste." In about ten minutes they came in sight of the ship.

"There she is!" cried Phil. "We'll soon be at home!"

It was dark when they reached the side, and it was with no little surprise that they saw there were no lights either upon the masts or inside the cabins.

All was dark and silent.

There were no signs of life about the vessel, and Phil felt a sudden depression which he could not understand.

Throwing aside his rifle, pike and ax, he clambered swiftly upon deck.

One glance showed him the cabin doors standing wide open.

Advancing toward them, with a vague feeling of impending danger coming rapidly over him, he paused for an instant and gazed down the companion way.



AS HE NEARED THE GALLEY, THE SLIDING DOOR OF WHICH WAS OPEN A SLIGHT DEGREE, HE HEARD THE STEWARD SAY: "WELL, IF ALL GOES WELL, WE'LL HAVE THE SHIP IN OUR HANDS." "THAT'S ALL RIGHT," ANSWERED SLABBS, THE CARPENTER, "BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH IT?"

He left his rifle and pike behind, and took only the short ax, hurrying away in the darkness, and calling cheerily to Jack to have the fire going by the time he returned.

He was back in less than an hour with his pockets stuffed almost to bursting with lumps of soft coal and when he took off his coat, more lumps fell from the turned back hood.

Jack had made several excursions in the intervals of the storm and had brought back not only several armfuls of wood, but a great pile of soft dry moss.

A nook in the rocks, three hundred feet back from the cave entrance and well sheltered from the wind, was selected as the fire-place, and when Phil had pounded the smaller lumps of coal into pieces the size of walnuts, the fire was started.

First, the moss was set alight and then the driest of the wood was placed upon it. When this was all aglow, the fine lumps of coal were put on and then as they burned and snapped, grew red and began to send out a grateful heat, the larger ones were placed right in the center of the glowing mass.

"There!" said Phil, resting his back against the rocks, his feet extended. "I think it's about time to have our supper and then I'm for a smoke and a nap. We shall not be at home to callers after nine o'clock."

It was pitchy dark outside and the storm was at its height, but within, sheltered from the storm and seated by a bright, cheery fire, the two comrades were safe and warm and entertained no thoughts of danger.

They ate their lunch, smoked their pipes, chatted awhile, and then, when Jack had fallen asleep, despite his efforts to keep awake, Phil remained on watch, more to

to chop through ice than through a big drift that's likely to bury you at any moment."

"Well, is there any food left?"

"Enough to last us several hours."

"Suppose we take some then and start? Oh, but hold on! What are we going to do for a light?"

"I suppose we can follow the wall along. You hadn't much trouble in finding the place where the coal was?"

"No, and we'll be company for each other. How about the fire; shall we leave it?"

"Yes; it's nearly out and it won't do any harm."

In the course of ten minutes they set out, and in an hour reached the place where the ice had fallen.

They attacked the block resolutely with their axes, having light enough to work by, although they were somewhat cramped for room.

By alternating their work, however, Phil cutting and Jack throwing aside the broken ice as it accumulated and reversing these occupations from time to time, they got on excellently and were at last rewarded by a glimpse of the sky and by feeling the cold air blow upon them through a hole in the ice barrier.

Then with their pikes they both got to work, and before long cleared a space large enough for them to pass out of the cave one at a time.

"There!" cried Phil, who was the last to leave the cave, "we've made several important discoveries, and we're back again where we went in, and know just where to find the ship. Come on, they'll be wondering what has become of us."

They hurried along the path leading to the shore, when Jack presently said:

"Say, Phil, it's growing dark. We must

Not a sound could be heard and the stillness was awful.

"I can stand this suspense no longer," muttered the young man. "Something has happened. I know it—I feel it! Hallo, Jack, come up here quick!"

In a moment Jack was at his side, and then, grasping their weapons firmly, the two young fellows descended to the cabin.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SEARCH—WHAT HARRY OVERHEARD
—A BRAVE BOY'S MISSION.

MORNING dawned and the storm had ceased, but when an hour or two had passed and the young harpooners had not returned, Captain Underwood grew alarmed and said:

"We must go in search of the boys. They may be still alive but in need of our help. We had better send out two parties and leave one in charge of the ship."

The skipper, Mr. Springer, Dodge, Ben and Joe Dobbs formed one party, while Mr. Carpenter, Shuttleworth, and two or three others made up the second.

On the ship there were, besides the two girls, the cook, the steward, Slabbs, Ringwood and Frost.

Harry asked leave to go with the skipper's party, but his father said that he was too young and must remain on the ship.

"But, pop," said the boy, earnestly, speaking in low tones so that none but his father would hear, "I think I know where Phil and Jack are. I saw them go into a sort of cave and I know—"

"Well, we can find it, I guess," answered the man. "You'd better stay on board and take care of the ship."

Harry had always been taught strict obedience and he said no more, watching with longing eyes, however, the two

parties as they set out across the ice, the captain's toward the foothills and the mate's toward the south.

Then he went below with the two girls and tried to amuse and cheer them up.

"Phil and Jack are sure to come back," he said. "They just went into a cave or something to stay till the storm was over. You'll see them before long, I'm sure."

Notwithstanding his cheerful words, the boy felt anything but reassured, and was tortured by doubts.

"If I was only sure," he would mutter now and then when by himself. "I hope it's all right, anyhow."

An hour or two after the searching parties had left the ship, Harry went on deck, leaving the girls doing some fancy work in the cabin.

There was no one on deck, and the boy walked forward, more with the idea of keeping in motion than of seeing where the men were.

As he neared the galley, the sliding door of which was open a slight degree, he heard the steward say:

"Well, if all goes well, we'll have the ship in our hands."

"That's all right," answered Slabbs, the carpenter, "but what are we going to do with it?"

"Take it out of here, of course," spoke up the cook, "and run it to suit ourselves."

The boy paused and then slowly moved around to one side taking care to make no creaking sound on the crisp snow.

"What are they up to?" he mused. "I don't like that."

"You can't get her out of here," spoke up Slabbs. "She's frozen in and besides the work on the rudder ain't done yet."

"Well, we can hold her against the skipper, can't we?" asked Ringwood who had not before spoken, "and then take her out when the ice breaks?"

"Certainly we can," put in the cook. "Mr. Carpenter will fix all that. We ain't going to stand the old man's tyranny no longer."

"To be sure we ain't," added Ringwood. "We'd've been out of here now only for him. We've had enough of him and the men, if they are men, won't stand any more of it."

"Of course they won't," said the cook promptly, "and if you're a man, Slabbs, you'll join us."

"If he don't, he can stay out on the snow with the skipper and the rest," said Ringwood, suggestively.

"Well, what's the plan?" asked Slabbs. "The mate's coming back ahead of the skipper. Mr. Shuttleworth is with him, and him and the others is all on one side," said the cook.

"That going out to look for the young fellers is only a bluff," added the steward. "They ain't going to look. They're coming back here as soon as they can throw the old man off the scent."

"And then the ship is ours," said Ringwood. "We've sent away all that ain't in with us, and when they come back why—"

"They can go away again, that's all," continued the steward, finishing the other's sentence.

"So if you're the sensible man we think you are, you'll keep in with us," remarked the cook.

Harry was thunderstruck at what he had heard.

He could hardly keep from bursting in upon the men and denouncing them all as cowards and traitors.

It would profit him nothing to do this, however, and he restrained his first impulse and listened.

"Are you sure we're doing right?" asked the carpenter. "It strikes me we're leaving a good commander and taking up with one that—"

"There ain't no better man than Mr. Carpenter!" cried the cook fiercely.

"The old man's a merciless tyrant and a poor sailor to boot," growled Ringwood.

"Of course he is. Look how he got us into this muddle."

"And do you know what he really wants to do, though he ain't said it in so many words?" went on the steward.

"Take us up to the North Pole," answered the cook. "That's his wild scheme. How many of us would come back alive?"

"None of us!" said Ringwood.

"I tell you, it's the best we can do," said Frost, who now spoke, "and if you're going to show the white feather, Slabbs—why, you'd better—"

"But I thought you liked the skipper, Tom," said Slabbs. "You always seemed—"

"That was when I didn't know him as well as I do now," said Frost, rather shamefacedly, as it seemed to the listening boy, who could see none of the conspirators.

"Shows his sense," blurted the cook.

"Like a man," added Ringwood.

"Wait till Carpenter comes and talk to him. We ain't got no time for arguments," said the steward, angrily.

"But you'll do well to make up your mind before that," said the cook again.

"Won't he, Tom?"

"Yes," said Frost, and Harry felt that the man had been persuaded against his better judgment to join the plot.

The men began to move about, and Harry quickly retreated.

"What am I going to do?" he thought. "I'm glad now that pop did not let me go. But how am I going to let the skipper know what's going on? Oh, if Phil and Jack would only come. That would make two more, and I think we might win over Slabbs and Frost."

Hurrying below, without having been seen, Harry closed all the doors carefully, and said to Susie:

"There's a plot to take the ship away from the captain. Frost and Slabbs don't like it, but they daren't hold out against the rest. The mate will be back soon, and will take command."

"The villain!" cried Susie. "He shall not! I will denounce him to the men as a scoundrel, and appeal to their better natures to—"

"They haven't got 'em," said Harry. "They're a bad lot, all of 'em. No, the skipper must be warned. You must lock yourselves in here, with guns and pistols, and don't let any one in. I am going to find the captain, and—"

"You won't leave us alone?" cried Mollie. "What can two poor girls like us—"

"Harry is right," interposed the captain's daughter, "and he is a brave little fellow to think of all this."

"Phil and Jack may return and they'll take care of you better than I can," said the boy quickly. "I must get away without being seen. Perhaps I can drop from the stern. I'll see how the land lies."

"Heaven grant that you may succeed," said Susie, fervently. "You know the way that my father went?"

"Yes, I watched him and they're sure to leave a trail. I'll take a rifle and a compass and some food. I may come upon some of them soon; I hope so."

In a few minutes the boy was ready to start.

The two girls were provided with rifles and ammunition and as they were both experts in the use of firearms, Harry said they need not fear.

Then he went on deck by the rear cabin door, watched his opportunity when none of those on deck was looking and quickly scrambled over the taffrail and dropped into a bank of snow that had formed around the rudder.

Then, commending himself to the mercy of a kind Providence, the fearless boy started out upon his errand.

CHAPTER XII.

AN UNEXPECTED ATTACK—A FRANTIC APPEAL—A WELCOME SOUND.

HARRY had been gone nearly two hours, and the girls were in a fever of apprehension.

They knew that he had been successful in getting away, for Susie had stolen on deck a few minutes after his departure and had seen him just disappearing in the opening in the cliffs.

The cook had brought in their dinner and did not seem to notice the boy's absence.

After he had gone Susie closed and locked the doors of the outer cabin and then she and Mollie moved a heavy table against them.

Neither the cook nor any of the men attempted to enter the cabin and they therefore knew nothing of the means the girls had taken to protect themselves.

"I wonder how much longer he will be?" mused Susie, when Harry had been gone two hours. "I hope he has not lost his way, or met that horrid Mr. Carpenter."

At that moment there were confused sounds on deck, as of a party of men coming on board, of shouts and running to and fro.

"What's that?"

"There seems to be a fight going on. Hark!"

Several shots were heard, and then a chorus of wild shouts.

Suddenly hurried footsteps were heard descending the cabin companionway.

Then the knob of the door was rattled.

"Hello there! Open the door!"

Mollie screamed with terror, but Susie went as near to the door as she could get, and said:

"No! I will not open the door. You are traitors. I know your evil designs, and—"

"In God's name open it!" cried the voice of Frost. "I am no traitor, Miss Susie, believe me. Open, for the love of Heaven! We are attacked by—"

Then there were more shouts, and a regular volley from the deck.

"What shall I do?" gasped the poor girl. "The man may be honest, Harry said he had tried to hold out against—"

There was a sound like the pounding upon the doors, or the falling of a heavy body against them.

Then a faint voice said:

"Miss Susie—open the door—I am—open for the love of—"

"Stand by to shoot down any traitor who tries to enter!" cried Susie, seizing the

heavy table and dragging it away from the door.

"Oh, I cannot, I couldn't shoot a man to—"

"Then open the door and I will!" and Susie caught up a rifle.

Pale with fear, Mollie quickly unlocked the door.

One half flew open quickly and Frost staggered in upon his knees and then fell prostrate.

There was a shout and a hideous face appeared at the top of the companionway.

Mollie screamed and seemed incapable of action.

Susie threw the rifle to her shoulder without a tremor.

Crack!

There was a sharp report followed by a yell of pain.

A form came tumbling down the companion, but Susie had slammed the door and locked it.

"Do something, don't be a silly fool, Mollie!" cried the skipper's daughter. "It is for Phil and Jack we are doing this. If we give up the ship they will have no place to return to, will never—"

"I will do something," said Mollie. "I never shot at anything but a mark, and I am horribly frightened. I will try and do better," and Mollie picked up a rifle and examined it carefully.

Frost groaned, and Susie bent over him. "Are you badly hurt?"

"Yes, I am afraid so," he said, faintly. "One of the In—"

"Do you mean Innuits? Were you attacked by Esquimaux?"

"No, worse—by Indians. It was they who—"

"Get me some water," said Susie, raising the man's head. "They were attacked by Indians and I thought—"

"Yes, Indians—by surprise—twenty or thirty—we had no idea—we were not looking for—for them, but—"

His head fell back again, and he seemed gasping for breath.

Mollie came with a cup of water and Susie moistened his lips with it and put some on his forehead.

There were more shouts outside, but no reports, and then it seemed as though some one were trying to force the cabin door.

"Stand by!" cried Susie, and Mollie seized a rifle and stood resolutely in front of the door.

"Don't mind me, Miss Susie," murmured Frost, who seemed to have gained a little strength. "Defend yourselves and don't—the after door, look out for that!"

Susie took up her rifle and narrowly watched the door leading to the cockpit.

There was no sign that any one was trying to enter, and soon a deep silence rested over all.

The sounds on deck had died out, but Susie, fearing treachery, would not open the doors.

Laying her weapon upon the table, she bent once more over Frost and said:

"Do you think you could get into one of the rooms if we helped you? I am afraid it is not safe to open the doors. Enemies may be lurking about, ready to—"

"I don't know, miss; I feel weak. I must have lost a good deal." Serves me right for joining those traitors.

"But you were attacked by Indians, you said!"

"Yes, by Indians. The cook was shot—Ringwood turned on me and—I don't know surely; an Indian might have—give me some more—"

Susie hastily put the cup to his lips again and he took a long draught.

He smiled, seemed greatly refreshed, and said:

"Let me lie here—you are not strong enough—a rug, anything for a pillow."

"But you will get chilled there on the floor; you ought—"

"No, no—this will do. You are very, very kind—more than I deserve. Where is the boy?"

"Gone to find my father. He overheard your plot—the plot of those wicked men to seize the ship—and he has gone to find father and—"

"Plucky little fellow! If I had known that I would have stood out longer. Then Slabbs would have—but it wouldn't have made any—"

"Don't try to talk," said Susie as she made the man more comfortable and, with Mollie's help got him upon a rug which she folded over him. "You will only use up your strength."

Then she got a basin of warm water and a soft cloth and bathed Frost's head, which had been badly cut and had bled profusely.

She bound it up, warmed some whisky and water over the stove and gave it to her patient, who presently dozed off into a more or less uneasy sleep, but seemed, nevertheless, to be much improved.

For a long time the two girls sat in the cabin in the dark, thinking much, but saying nothing, hoping and fearing, trying to assure themselves that all would be well and yet scarce daring to picture the reverse.

For a long time there had been a dead silence, broken at last by a sound on deck.

It was a footstep on the snow.

Susie listened, fearing that Mr. Carpenter or some other enemy had returned.

Then she suddenly heard a shout in the voice she knew and loved so well.

"It's Phil!" she cried. "Thank God, we are no longer alone!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE POSTAGE STAMPS WE GIVE YOU ARE ALL FOREIGN, AND MANY OF THEM OF VERY OLD ISSUES. NOW IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY FOR STARTING A COLLECTION.

ON

The Night of the 9th

OR,

OLD KING BRADY AND THE MAN WHO WAS NEVER SEEN.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE,

Author of "Brady, Greene and Sleuth," "The Two Stars," "Old King Brady and the Ventriloquist Banker," "The Great Death Diamond," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN.

"HERE! This way! I will help you if you will come this way!"

It was a voice calling.

That is what Old King Brady heard when the crash of the falling wall died away.

The detective, it will be remembered, went down with the wall.

This was the result of his bravery, or foolhardiness, whichever you like to call it, in forcing his way into the ruined bank at Littleford.

In the first awful moment of the crash, Old King Brady gave himself up for lost.

Then into his ears came the voice calling:

"Here! This way! I will help you if you will come this way!"

There was a passage reasonably clear in the direction of the sound.

Old King Brady pulled aside a few beams and broken bits of flooring, pushed aside bricks and forced his way toward a large dark object dimly seen ahead.

This proved to be the big safe belonging to the bank.

The door had been wrenched from its hinges.

The safe lay on its side in such a position that whatever had been in it must have fallen out.

But there was nothing except a few books lying near.

Old King Brady, true to his detective's instinct, paused to examine the lock.

It had evidently been blown up.

It required but a glance to see that.

Then again the voice called before the detective had the chance to make further investigations.

"Come, come! Don't you know you are liable to be buried alive here at any moment! Come this way—quick!"

It was true!

Just then a small piece of wall fell.

This sent the detective on around the big safe in a hurry.

Here he saw an open door in the foundation wall of the building.

It was all dark in behind the door which seemed to communicate with some vault.

"Here! Here!" called the voice, speaking out of the darkness. "Right in here!"

Old King Brady stepped in.

Who would not have done the same? But no sooner had he entered when an iron door clanged behind him.

All was darkness now.

The voice was heard no more.

"Hello! Hello there! Where are you?" shouted the detective.

There was no answer.

"Speak! Where are you? Who are you?" he shouted again.

But the silence of the grave followed the shout.

Old King Brady caught his breath; he prepared to face the inevitable.

"I've walked into a trap," he muttered.

"Now, then, to see what it all means!"

He hastily produced the small dark lantern which he always carried.

Lighting this he flashed it around him.

The place of his imprisonment was a small vault, bricked up all around, with shelves on all sides.

There were rows of old ledgers and several wooden boxes upon these shelves.

It was evidently the storage vault of the bank.

But Old King Brady found plenty of time to examine the place before he left it. Hour after hour passed. Not a sound was heard. Not one came to his rescue. The detective tried every means possible to make himself heard. He shouted till he was hoarse. He kicked on the door until he was tired. It was all useless. At last he gave it up and settled down to wait.

The heat was intolerable. Fortunately he had the lantern, which kept him from utter darkness. But after a time the lantern burned itself out, and total darkness came. Now as to the length of time which elapsed before the change came Old King Brady could not have told.

He only knew that he dropped off asleep at last, seated upon the stone floor of the vault, and was suddenly awakened by a cold hand laid upon his forehead.

"Up, up!" cried a voice. "It is time we were moving. Up! Let us be off."

Old King Brady drew away, and staggered to his feet with a sense of horror strong upon him.

"Who are you?" he gasped.

And then came a strange answer.

"Who am I, Mr. Detective? I am the man who is never seen!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed."

"Do I owe my imprisonment to you?"

"You do, but it was unavoidable. I want you now. I knew of no other way of getting you when I wanted you, except to lock you up here."

"Indeed! You resort to strange methods to accomplish your ends."

"I am a strange man, Mr. Brady, but let us talk no more of this. You are a detective?"

"I am."

"You are working on the Multon Mills case?"

"I am."

"You desire to learn the truth, to free the innocent, to bring the guilty to justice, and all that sort of thing. Is it not so?"

"It is."

"Then follow me and ask no questions, and you shall know all."

"How can I follow you when I can't see you?"

"You can feel me."

"Yes."

The detective put out his hand.

It touched a long, flowing garment of some coarse stuff.

"Hold on to me!" spoke the voice.

"Keep tight hold and follow. We shall soon be out of this."

"Then I shall see you?"

"No."

"But—"

"No man has seen me for many years. No man ever will see me again in this world."

"You are a strange being certainly," murmured the detective. "But lead on."

It was then that the form began to move.

They passed out of the vault.

Old King Brady expected trouble in getting through the debris of the fallen bank building.

But there was none.

The way seemed to have been cleared before them.

In a moment they came out into the open air.

It was night.

The stars were shining brightly above them.

Old King Brady perceived that he was behind the bank standing alongside the creek.

But of course the detective thought less of his surroundings than of the figure which stood beside him.

This was a tall person, enveloped in a loose garment of somber black.

It was thrown over the head of the wearer, and fell without a break to his feet.

No part of the man's person was visible save his hands and the eyes, which looked out through two holes in the garment, glowing like living coals.

"Well, here I am," spoke the voice. "Few have seen me even as you see me now, but not in twenty years have human eyes rested upon my face."

The detective shrugged his shoulders.

"Every man knows his own business," he said. "What is it that you want me to do?"

"I want you to enter that boat and follow me."

And the unknown pointed to a small row boat which lay close to the bank.

"Where to?" asked the detective. "It seems only right that I should know where I am going before I start."

"It is not far; only a short distance down the creek."

"But our destination?"

"A house."

"Definite."

"It is all I can tell you."

"Suppose I refuse to go?"

"Then I shall go alone. I cannot compel you nor do I propose to try."

"Are you armed?"

"No; I never carry fire-arms."

"But knives?"

"Nor knives. But these are useless questions."

"Quite useless—you are right. Lead on, I will follow."

"Get into the boat. Take the stern seat."

Without further objection the detective obeyed.

The mysterious unknown followed him.

Taking up the oars, he pulled off along the creek in the direction taken by Jesse James and Mr. Bat Barnacle hours before.

CHAPTER XX.

JESSE REJOINS THE GANG.

"WHERE is he?"

"Blamed if I'll ever tell you."

"Confound the fellow! He's as slippery as an eel."

"A blamed sight slipperier," growled Oliver Dole. "Wishter gosh I hadn't never had nothing to do with this here thing."

But Jesse James did not wait to discuss matters with Oliver Dole.

"Look out for yourself, Dole, I'm going for that boy and the cash!" he exclaimed.

Then he leaped ashore, plunged into the thicket and began in a regular, systematic way to look for Nat.

But he did not find him.

The place was a perfect jungle.

Nat, after his bold jump, ran plunging on for a few yards.

Then he crouched down between two big stumps and remained there.

He could hear every word Jesse uttered.

He saw him go within two feet of his own hiding place.

Nat held his breath.

It seemed to him as though every beat of his heart must surely be heard.

"Say, hey, don't leave a fellow, Jess!" yelled Oliver Dole.

But Jesse did not answer.

He cared nothing for Oliver Dole one way or the other.

He had struck a trail in the bushes made by a stray cow which had forced its way down to the water that morning.

This he mistook for the trail Nat Peters had left behind him.

He pushed on through the swamp, now up to his knees in mud and slimy ooze; now leaping from hummock to hummock.

Again striking the old cow's path among bushes and brakes so thick that unpleasant thoughts of snakes would suggest themselves until at last he reached higher ground.

"Halt!"

Suddenly the stern command rang out.

The sound seemed to come from overhead.

Jesse stopped short.

Though the speaker was invisible the voice sounded horribly near.

"Who goes there?"

Again the voice.

But this time Jesse recognized it.

"Well, I reckon it's me, Cole Younger!" he called back.

"Jesse James, by gaul!"

"Well, the same old Jess! Where in thunder be you, Cole?"

"Up here!"

"You lie! You are down here!"

Jesse meant this for a joke.

For at the same instant Cole came sliding down the trunk of a tall oak tree not ten feet away from him.

"Where in time did you spring from, Jess?" demanded Cole.

"Where are the boys?" demanded Jesse, in the same breath.

"Right over there in the hollow!"

"All hands?"

"Yes."

"And Clell Miller?"

"Sure!"

"Clell much hurt?"

"No, no! A mere scratch! But about yourself, Jess?"

"Oh, never mind about me. Did you see a young fellow carrying a grip come this way?"

"No."

"Sure?"

"I tell you no!"

"Then it's all lost!" he muttered.

"Quick, Cole! Take me to the boys! We must scour this forest from one end to the other if necessary, but that boy must be found!"

Cole led the way among the trees, Jesse following.

They had not far to go before they came to a deep hollow.

Here the outlaws lay in hiding.

They were gathered about a fire over which a steaming pot hung suspended from three stakes.

Behind them were the horses quietly cropping the grass.

A wild shout of welcome greeted Jesse's arrival.

Every man was on his feet in a moment.

They all pressed around him full of eager questions.

But Jesse would hardly stop to answer.

"Come, Frank!" he shouted. "I want you!"

He flung the saddle upon Siroc's back, and was seated in it in a minute.

Away he dashed in the direction which he had come, followed by his brother mounted on Jim Malone.

"What in thunder is the row, Jess?" demanded Frank, who seeing his brother's excitement had not ventured to speak until now.

"The matter is there is a bag of money wandering about in these woods somewhere, and I propose to have it if it takes a leg!"

Such was Jesse's answer as they went dashing on among the trees.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE OLD MANSION.

"Who are you?"

"That is a question I will not answer."

"Yet I feel that I have the right to know."

"Right or no right, I shall not tell you."

The mysterious unknown spoke in a tone of firm decision.

It was Old King Brady's first attempt to question him about himself after the boat journey along the river began, and it was the last.

The detective saw that it was no use.

He eyed the shrouded figure with keen curiosity.

What to make of him he did not know.

Yet the man's voice was not disagreeable.

He spoke with a certain sadness, which seemed to indicate that he was a person who had seen much trouble.

Old King Brady, after a few moments of silence, determined to try a different tack.

"You expect me to trust you and yet you will not trust me," he said.

"Why do you say that?"

"Have you not declined to answer all my questions?"

"I did. I do not now except such as concern myself."

"Let us begin with the bank then?"

"Very well; begin."

"Do you know the cause of the explosion there?"

"I do."

"What was it?"

"Dynamite."

"I thought as much. By whose hands was it placed?"

"By the hands of the cashier."

"His name I believe is Barnacle?"

"You are right. It is John Barnacle."

"The safe as I saw it in the cellar appeared to have been opened before the explosion came."

"It had been."

"You positively know this?"

"I do."

"A plot?"

"A villainous plot."

"And this Barnacle robbed the bank?"

"He did."

"This possibly has some connection with your mysterious actions?"

"It has."

"May I ask what?"

"You may. I am about to take you to the place where Barnacle lies in hiding, and the money with him."

"Ah!"

"This is not your case, it is true, but just the same I want you to give it your attention and bring this scoundrel Barnacle to justice if you can."

"It is a question in my mind if I have the right to abandon my own business to look after this."

"You must!"

"Suppose I refuse?"

"Now you expect me to say that I will force you to do my bidding."

"No, no!"

"Yes, yes! That is what you mean, but I have no desire to force you. If you do what I wish I shall pay you a reward."

"A reward?"

"Yes."

"Then you are interested in the bank?"

"Not to the extent of one dollar."

"Then what is your interest?"

"No matter. Are you not interested in the reward?"

"My friend, I am rich already in this world's goods. I care nothing for money."

"Who said you did?"

"But you spoke of reward."

"I did not refer to a matter of money."

"Ah! What then?"

"You are a detective."

"You know that."

"As a detective you would naturally like to win your case."

"Naturally."

"I can put you in the way of doing that."

"The matter of the Multon Mills?"

"Yes."

"And you can explain the mystery?"

"Yes. I alone can do that."

"Do it! Forward the ends of justice and do it now!"

"No! That, Mr. Brady, shall be your reward."

"Ha! You strike me hard, whoever you are."

"Is it not so? You accept?"

"Yes."

"Good! There need be no more questions now."

This invitation to be quiet was too plain to be disregarded.

Old King Brady ceased to speak.

A few moments later and the mysterious unknown suddenly turned the boat into a thicket.

"Heads down!" he whispered, as they shot through the bushes.

Old King Brady ducked his head.

But even then the bushes sent his hat flying off into the bottom of the boat.

"That's all right," said the unknown.

"You may look up, now."

Old King Brady raised his head, putting on his hat.

Before him rose a stately mansion built of gray lime stone, solid and substantial, and evidently as old as the earliest days of the settlement of this part of the State.

The "slew" as these offshoots of the Missouri creeks are termed, came up to within a few feet of the steps which led up to the door.

"Out! Get out!" breathed the unknown.

"We have come to the end of our journey at last."

Old King Brady stepped out.

"Enter," whispered the unknown. "You will find the door open."

Now Old King Brady supposed, of course, that the masked figure intended to follow him.

He hurried up the stone steps and trying the door, found it open. Then as he was about to enter he turned and saw that the unknown had disappeared taking the boat with him.

This, however, did not deter the detective.

He pushed on into the house.

Passing through a large hallway to the front—for the entrance had been made in the rear—Old King Brady flung open the door on the left.

He did this noiselessly.

There was no light save what entered over the transom over the big front door.

As the detective looked into the room his ears caught the sound of music.

A violin and a harp were playing and he could hear the sound of dancing.

These sounds seemed to come from the room beyond a pair of heavy mahogany folding doors which stood slightly open.

Old King Brady stole across the room, picking his way among tables and chairs.

For the room was furnished—sumptuously so, it had once been, although now everything was far gone in ruin and decay.

Louder and louder grew the festive sounds as the detective drew near the doors.

He was within three feet of them when suddenly the light was shut off.

Had some one closed the doors?

Old King Brady knew that it was so when, a second later, he laid his hands upon them.

Yet he could hardly believe that his approach had been perceived, so noiseless had it been.

For a moment he stood and listened.

Then again came the same trying experience which had overtaken him in the bank vault.

Suddenly a hand icy cold was laid upon his forehead.

"Hist! not a word! Not a sound—only look!" breathed the voice of the unknown in his ear.

At the same instant a stream of light shot through the door.

It came through a small round opening not bigger than a silver dollar.

To this Old King Brady promptly applied his eye.

But he drew back suddenly, with an exclamation of horror upon his lips.

"Heavens! What is this?" he murmured.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the unknown.

"This is but the beginning of your initiation into the mysteries of this house!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DON'T MISS THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF FRANK FORREST'S NEW STORY NEXT WEEK.

"I not live, sah," he said; "de death cricket chirp in my ear, and I listen to de waters ob de great river ob de oder world. I go back to my people dere."

They could not answer him, for one and all were deeply touched. He was almost a stranger to them, and only what the world called a "wretched nigger," but it was his unfortunate lot which commended him to their sympathy, and the roughest sailor in that throng was sad.

Tabanko closed his eyes, and the life stream, which Tom and Ira in vain endeavored to stanch, fell upon the leaves with a low, pattering sound. He could not bleed many minutes thus and live.

"Dis de first kind hand dat I eber 'member," he said, opening his eyes; "Tabanko a slave all his life. I so sorry to leave you now in dis wood."

"Think not of us," returned Harry; "we have life and strength left us and can go on."

"Go back," said Tabanko, earnestly; "go back, sar; you nebbet get through dis wood alone. Even goin' back berry difficult. Go back, sah, or you die."

"Is the wood so fearful?"

"I de only man dat eber went into it and bring back my life," replied Tabanko. "Go back, sar, and leabe de capen."

"Never!" cried Harry.

"If you go on," urged Tabanko, "you no catch him, and all de men wif you die. It downright murder to keep dem here; go back and wait for de capen. He come back to de coast by an' by."

"Good advice, Tabanko," replied Harry, forced into a conviction that the black was right. "I will go back."

Tabanko nodded in acquiescence, and closed his eyes again. He remained thus for a minute, and once more he opened them and looked up.

"Massa," he said, "I someting to say more."

"Say on, Tabanko."

"A dying man tank you all for your kindness," said the black. "I been a slabe all my life, and now I'm goin' to be free."

Having said this, he closed his eyes for the last time, and left the world and its sorrow and care behind him.

"Dead!" said Tom, letting Tabanko's hand fall. "I am sorry for him. Poor fellow. Rest in peace."

They buried him where he died, and built up a mighty pile of wood over his grave. Lighting it, they turned back guided by the flame of this funeral pyre.

On reaching the camp, a consultation was held as to the right road back, for when it came to the point, no man exactly knew which way they had come. White men have not the tracking instincts of the black, and such as they had left would not be sufficient to guide them.

Here was a problem indeed, and no solution was arrived at for an hour. Harry then proposed that they should wait until dawn.

"We came in with the sun behind us," he said; "if we go before him on the morrow, we shall be safe."

This was sound advice, but when the sun rose they were doomed to disappointment. The trees were so dense overhead that only faint twilight came with the day. No opening, not one ray to guide them.

"Which way now?" asked Ira.

"I know not," replied Harry. "Toss a feather in the air and follow it."

They found a small feather clinging to the jacket of one of the sailors, and Tom tossed it into the air. With a gyratory motion it settled near his feet.

"No guide that," he said.

"Blindfold a man," said Harry, "turn him round, and let him point out the way."

Tom tied a handkerchief over the eyes of one of the sailors and spun him like a teetotum. As soon as he was still again he held up an arm.

"This way," said Harry, and without a pause the men obeyed his voice and plunged deeper into the wood.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A COALITION AND COLLISION.

THE strange audacity of King Matta seemed to upset the wise man Witt, but as he was probably accustomed to exhibitions of the royal rage he soon recovered, and as the king sat down he brought forward the Bettie and placed it on the mat.

"Git off!" cried the king, and he knocked the precious image over again.

Witt forthwith prostrated himself upon the ground, and embracing the wooden treasure, set up a howl of such power and potency that the little hut rang again.

King Matta, with an expression of alarm, jumped up and made for the door.

Witt was calling upon the Bettie to curse him, and the king, in spite of his unbelief and audacity, was a little daunted.

"Good Witt," he said, "berry good Witt, me berry sorry."

But the wise man only howled the more, and hugged his image with the energy of a mother parting forever from her offspring.

"Me berry sorry," urged his alarmed

majesty. "Here, put Bettie—put Bettie on de mat."

It cost him a struggle to make this concession, but he made it, and Witt was content. He put the image right under the nose of his majesty, so that the goggle-eyes could glare at him in a most offensive manner, and peace was restored.

"Berry fine evening, sar," said Ching-Ching, making a haphazard guess at the weather outside to open the conversation.

"Who you call 'sar'?" demanded King Matta, indignantly; "me a king—de biggest, greatest king under de sun!"

"Dey call de king sar in my country," replied Ching-Ching. "Me know you a king in a moment, you look so berry lubly—you berry handsome king. Some people hab lubly eye, some lubly nose, some lubly foot, but you lubly all over. Oh, so berry lubly, and Samson know it, too!"

Samson could not conscientiously indorse this compliment, so he murmured something which sounded like assent. King Matta melted visibly.

"When I live in Pekin," pursued Ching-Ching, "I had a lubly aunt and a lubly uncle—bof dem berry handsome and berry much in lub wif each oder; but I bet two chests of family tea dat if my aunt see great King Matta dat she run away from my uncle."

This insinuation settled his majesty, and he melted after his own fashion.

"You come on de mat," he said, and Ching-Ching promptly obeyed.

This pretty pair, with the image, entirely filled the mat, and King Matta looked a little savage at the goggle-eyed wooden intruder, but he could not expel it again lest Witt should renew his curses.

"I tink dere room for you, Samson," said Ching-Ching, who generously desired to share the honor of the mat with his friend. Samson looked at the piece to spare, about six square inches, and shook his head.

"Me berry well to do here," he said.

The bottle of rum was brought out, Witt calmly saying that it was the property of Ching-Ching and King Matta was invited to partake. He obeyed with marvelous readiness, and after a very respectable drink became exceedingly friendly and confidential.

"Me like you," he said to Ching-Ching.

"Me show you many wife."

"When?" asked Ching-Ching.

"Now," said King Matta, and smiting his hands together he gave a great roar like an angry bull.

Ching-Ching remembering his former interview with the ladies, would fain have declined the honor; but the king, bent upon entertaining his new found friends, roared again.

This was the signal for his wives to assemble, and in a few moments they came trooping in, to the number of about a dozen—all sorts and sizes, and apparently all ages.

Whatever the ladies might have had to quarrel about, it was not dress, for they were all dressed with the sweet simplicity of their tribe, and had no more upon them than the first law of decency demanded.

"Soun!" cried the king, which meant "jump," or "dance."

The fair creatures thereupon began to disport themselves in a wild and wondrous way, the most active being a lady in whom Ching-Ching recognized his fair foe of two hours before.

This exceedingly irate and terribly prompt female fixed her eyes upon Ching-Ching with a basilisk stare. She seemed to resent his being there, and to object on principle to dance before him.

But it was as much as her life was worth to disobey that great King Matta, so she danced on with an ever increasing fury in her eyes.

Now we all know that Ching-Ching possessed powers of conciliation, for we have seen him exercise them upon several occasions. He never quarreled with a foe if he could help it, his policy being peace when you could have it, fight when you are compelled.

He resolved to try to soothe the dancing daughter of Eve, and smiled his best and warmest smile. She threw up her feet and came a little nearer. Ching-Ching smiled again.

This second touch of amiability had a further effect upon the fair one, and she began to spin round like a teetotum. King Matta, who had been looking on with general approval, now turned all his attention to her.

She continued to spin, accompanying her movements with a monotonous drone something like the buzz of a very large bee.

King Matta shouted out a word, and the woman stopped. A few rapid sentences were exchanged, and then Ching-Ching felt himself going over upon his back.

"Git off my mat," cried the king. "You sult my wife."

"Me nebbet sult any lubly creetur," replied Ching-Ching, softly, "specially such lubly creetur as I see before me."

More rapid words were exchanged between the king and his wife. The other dancers stopped, and with Witt listened intently. Samson was both puzzled and distressed. He knew his friend was in trouble, but had no idea how to help him.

"I hab your life!" cried the king, shaking his fist furiously. "Oh, you yaller beggar! Keep off my mat!"

"Blow de-mat!" returned Ching-Ching, and, to the horror of all assembled, he laid hold of two of the corners, and jerked the king into the air.

His majesty turned once over, and came down flop. The image of Bettie, tossed up, too, fell upon his back, and knocked out all the breath of his body. The women, yelling, rushed upon Ching-Ching, who rolled up the mat, and struck them right and left. Samson darted to his side.

Witt, the wise man, seized his image, and rushed into the midst of the squabble; but the women were blind with rage, and treated him and his fetish to an indiscriminate attack, so that he was fain to beat a retreat, and assumed the part of spectator.

King Matta, as soon as he had breath enough to get upon his feet, and dancing around his maddened wives, urged them to settle his enemy.

It was no time for gallantry, for the women were as strong as men. Ching-Ching and Samson made a rush upon them, and bundled the whole lot into a corner with the king; Witt, the wise man, and Bettie underneath.

Then, putting the shutter on the top of the whole, Ching-Ching and Samson fled for their lives.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"LET HIM BEWARE!"

THE noonday sun was beating down upon a sandy plain, across which a band of men were slowly marching. Foremost marched two blacks, bearing long knives in their hands; next came a tall, handsome, commanding man, dressed in loose, white clothes, with a broad Panama hat upon his head. Behind were more blacks carrying baggage.

These were Captain Brocken and his followers, the former flying from the pursuit of Handsome Harry. That such a man should fly from aught seemed so very strange, for bravery was written upon his face, and he trod the earth like one who had ever kept fear beneath his feet.

Nevertheless he was flying, and flying with all speed, for he frequently cried out to the men in the Mandingoe tongue, and bade them hurry on.

"Move, move!" he cried. "You crawl; you want a wolf behind to help you."

They dared not answer him; and, bending down, they put on a speed that compelled them to lag again, which brought from him another shout.

A halt at length became imperative, and he called it. The men cast down their burdens gladly, and stretched out their aching limbs beneath the palm trees. Captain Brocken, who seemed to be insensible to all fatigue, marched slowly up and down, musing.

"No rest—no rest!" he muttered. "He dogs me like my shadow. Neither hill nor valley, nor the secret places of the earth, give me a resting place. Will it be my fault if we meet, and will what follows be upon my head? I have shunned him, hidden from him in vain. Can it be that we are decreed to meet. Oh, no! Not that. Spare me from that bitter day!"

He clasped his hands as if in prayer; but how could he who had, all his life, disowned his God by word or deed, utter a supplication? Of his general life he did not repent; it was only something hidden between him and Handsome Harry which touched him to the quick.

"I wronged and killed one brother," he said; "let not the blood of the other be upon my head! Yet, why should I be so quailish now, when my whole life has been one stream of blood? Ha! who comes here?"

A number of men on mules now appeared upon a rising ground ahead, and the sound of jingling bells faintly floated towards the pirate chief.

"A trader!" he said. "But is it friend or foe?"

He loosened his sword and examined his pistols, like one accustomed to use them, and kept his eyes steadily upon the advancing cavalcade. In a few minutes the foremost—an Arab handsomely dressed—could be distinguished.

"It is Schelmo," said the pirate, "bound for the coast, with a cargo of gold dust and slaves."

The procession came up, and the Arab, halting, sprang off his mule, and gravely saluted the pirate.

"Brocken!" he said. "What dost thou here? Hast thou entered into our unprofitable trade?"

"No, good Schelmo," replied the other, coolly. "I have no desire to grow rich just yet. You are in luck, I see."

He pointed to the mules, all laden with heavy burdens, and each with a slave on

either side, chained to the saddle-girths. There was a driver to each animal, men of the same tribe as Schelmo. The mules numbered about forty, and the slaves mustered eighty—eighty men doomed to lifelong misery by the cupidity of one villainous trader!

"In luck!" said Schelmo. "Aye, thou speakest well. I am in luck—your luck. But, again, what brings the brave-hearted rover here?"

"I am flying from a foe," said Brocken. "Nay, nay," returned the Arab, "thou jestest. So brave a man ne'er turned back upon a mortal."

"I turn it now," said the pirate. "But it is not fear alone which carries me away. What matters it to you, Schelmo? He will not pause to release your gang of wretches."

"Who is he?"

"Handsome Harry, of the Belvedere."

"He," said the Arab, with a savage frown. "Why, then, I would have ye stay and meet him. What men hath he?"

"About twelve."

"No more? Then, Brocken, he will be an easy prey."

"Never an easy one—if alone," said the pirate. "But easy or not, I will not stay to fight him. And if ye meet them, be warned by me, and let him go by in peace. Tell him I am on ahead, and he'll not harm you!"

"This sounds well," said Schelmo, laughing. "It sounds like a new song from thee. Brocken, thou hast become a woman."

"I was a child before Handsome Harry." "Strange that a boy should make a man a child."

"Yes, I know, Schelmo; but he does it. I fly from him, and have left runners behind me to warn me of his coming."

"Is this one of them, brave Brocken?"

The pirate paid no heed to the emphasis put upon the word "brave," but turned and beheld a black figure fast coming up in the track he had pursued. The man came swiftly, bearing with him naught but a cloth about his middle and a white wand, which he switched to and fro as he ran.

He came on without having apparently turned a hair and threw himself at the feet of the pirate.

"Speak!" cried Brocken.

"The young chief pursues," replied the man in the Mandingoe tongue, "but he comes not behind. Tabanko leads him through the Wood of Death."

"So," muttered the pirate, "he hopes to head me and lie in ambush. Ah, he has not been long in tracking the old wolf and knows little of his ways. Schelmo, whither go ye?"

"To Eagle Bay where a truly brave seaman awaits my cargo."

The pirate turned upon the Arab a haughty look and advanced a pace nearer.

"Twice," he said, "you have emphasized the word brave. Do you doubt my courage? If so draw."

Schelmo looked into his eyes and quailed before the light which flashed from their depths.

"No," he said, bowing low, "I was but a fool—forgive me."

"Enough," said Brocken. "I will return with you to Eagle Bay. Who shall we meet there?"

"Cartouche."

"He is not English," said Brocken. "The man and his name are French—I know him well."

"He is white," replied Schelmo, "and I look upon all white men as English. The mules grow impatient—let us on."

"Will they bear an extra burden?"

"We can but try them."

"Then I will dismiss my men and go on with you alone."

"So be it, good Brocken," said the Arab, his eyes flashing for a moment with pleasure; "but haste, as I must reach the deep well ere night has fallen."

The baggage was shifted from the shoulders of the slaves and the men dismissed. Gathering themselves into a body they made a general parting salute to the pirate and sped away, laughing and leaping with joy.

"Worth half a dozen bags of gold," said Schelmo, musingly.

"No, no," returned the pirate; "I was intrusted with them, and they have served me well, so I will not betray them."

"And yet it is a pity," hinted Schelmo.

Brocken paid no heed to him but marched on, thinking. Behind him stalked the Arab, and he was thinking, too.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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FOUR STROKES OF A PEN

MAZEPPA No. 2,

The Boy Fire Company of Carlton;

OR,

PLUCKY WORK ON LADDER AND LINE.

By ROBERT LENNOX,

Author of "Wide Awake Will, the Plucky Boy Fireman of No. 3," "Harry Hook, the Boy Fireman of No. 1," "Dick Dasher, the Boy Bicycle Rider," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER THE FIRE—TOM HAZEN'S ASTONISHMENT.

WHEN Tom Hazen fell at the feet of the chief of the fire department many of the boy firemen believed he was dead. For the

The hospital was the last place in the world he would care to go to.

"Taking me to the hospital, eh!" he said to himself. "I must have lost my head after getting down off those wires. No wonder, it was enough the Lord knows. But I'm not going to the hospital if I know

"That we have," sung out a dozen at once.

"But we don't know what it has cost us," Bill continued. "Tom and Jack and Dan are in the hospital and we don't know how it may end with them."

"Oh, they are tough," said Ben Stewart. "I guess they are all right or soon will be."

"Toughness is a good thing against everything but fire," said Bill, shaking his head. "We are all very tired, but I suggest we send one of our number up to the hospital to find out how they are."

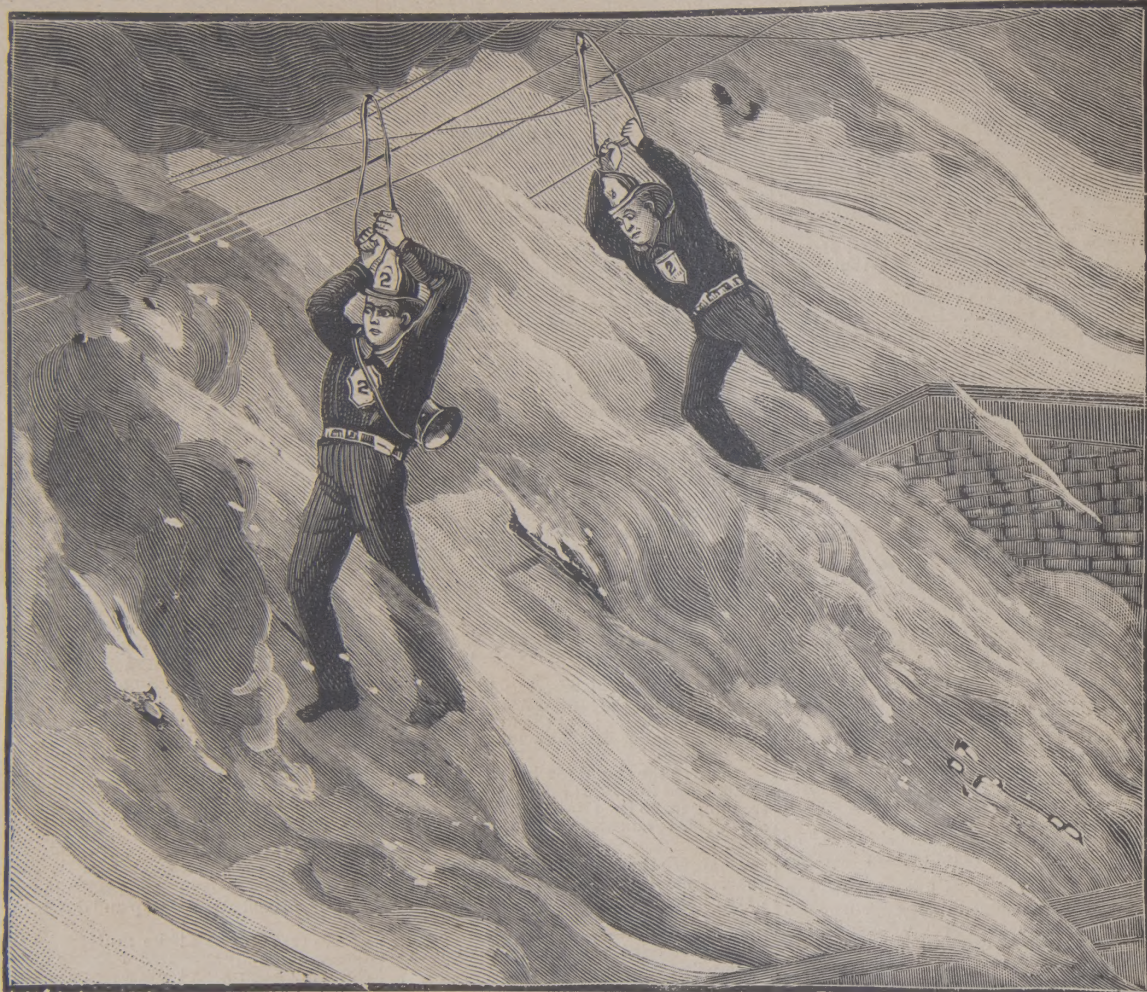
"Good! Good!" cried a dozen at once.

"Who will go?"

"I—I—I!" cried every one present.

"One is enough," Bill replied. "Ben, you had better go, and say to the doctor that we are all waiting to hear from Tom, Jack and Dan."

Ben was off like a flash, and the tired boy firemen threw themselves on benches



"IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE, DAN!" "YES, OUR ONLY CHANCE!" "COME ON THEN!" AND TOM HELD ON TO HIS LOOP AND SPRANG OVER THE ROOF—OVER THE SEETHING CALDRON OF FIERCE FLAME AND QUICKLY DISAPPEARED FROM SIGHT.

moment they forgot all discipline and crowded around their prostrate foreman.

"Is he dead—is he dead?" they called repeatedly.

"No, no! Back, boys—get back!" the chief cried. "Give him air! Let's take him away from here!" and the chief himself lent a hand in bearing him beyond the heat of the burning building.

They laid him on the grass, and then the chief called to an officer and said:

"Call an ambulance and see that he is taken to the hospital. I must go back to my post," and taking Tom's trumpet, he hurried back to look after the work of subduing the flames.

The officer promptly obeyed, and in a little while an ambulance came, and Tom was placed in it and driven away.

The brave firemen had a most terrific struggle to prevent the fire from spreading to other houses in the block. In was long after midnight, and many were nearly exhausted, while many spectators had gone to their homes.

It was only by the most superhuman effort that the flames were kept from spreading. The maniac was seen to go down with the roof. Not even his charred bones were found, as the great heat entirely consumed them.

The ambulance in which Tom had been placed was driven furiously over the pavement in the direction of the hospital.

The severe jolting soon brought him to, and he rose up wondering where he was.

He looked up and saw the doctor and driver together on the front seat, and gradually he came to realize where he was,

myself," and he scrambled out of the rear end of the ambulance as it was passing through a dark part of the street.

He was bruised a little by the fall, but he got upon his feet and looked after the ambulance as it disappeared up the street.

"The doctor will be laughed at when he gets there," he said as he turned away in another direction, "and I guess he'll say a few things he didn't learn at Sunday-school. I'm going home and stay there till I feel all right again. Two fires in one night are too many for me."

"Lord, but that wild lunatic was strong! He handled me as though I were a mere child. I heard one of the women say he had set the house on fire. I wonder if that is true? Was he an anarchist, I wonder? Hello!" and he came to a full stop. "My trumpet is gone! I wonder where it is? Lord, I would not lose it for a thousand dollars. It must be in that ambulance, or the chief may have it. I guess some of the boys will take care of it for me."

He went on again and after quite a long walk he reached his boarding house, kept by the widow Hulsey. Entering by means of a night key he made his way up to his room and went to bed.

The boy firemen remained at their post till near daylight, by which time the flames were entirely subdued. Then they returned to their engine house very much exhausted, having been up all night.

"Boys," said Bill Saxton, "we have had a hard time of it, but we have won all the honors!"

and were soon sleeping the sleep of exhaustion.

It was near sunrise when young Stewart returned.

"Boys," he said, "they wouldn't let me see 'em, but sent word out that Thorn and Allen were sleeping and that Hazen had not been brought there at all."

"Why, I saw him go off in the ambulance!" cried Harry Hogan.

"He may have been sent to another hospital," said Saxton.

"Not much!" returned Hogan. "I saw the name 'Carlton Hospital,' on the ambulance."

"So did I," put in another one of the boys.

"Well, anyhow, they said he was not there and had not been there," Ben said.

"Where is he, then?" and Bill Saxton looked from one to the other of the boys.

"Yes, where is he?" a dozen asked.

"Let's all march up there and get an explanation," said Bill.

Every boy sprang up and in less than ten minutes they were on the way to the hospital.

The man at the door refused to let them enter.

Bill sprang in, and the others followed.

"We want to see the doctor in charge at once," Bill said.

"He is in there," the man replied, pointing to the office.

They marched in, and found the same clerk and young doctor who were on hand when Tom called the night before, not having yet been relieved.

(Continued on page 11.)

YELLOW AND BLACK;

OR,

THE TWO BOSSES OF WHACKINGTON ACADEMY.

By SAM SMILEY,

Author of "A New Tommy Bounce," "Aunt Maria," "The Shortys Doing Europe," "Out for Fun," "The Shortys on the Road," etc., etc., etc.

PART II.

OUT of the two windows went Yellow and Black. They expected to escape the terrible ghosts that had suddenly visited them. So they did. In doing so they got into more trouble. There were two big rain water hogsheads just outside those windows.

"Dat's wha' I sayed!"
Thump!
Down went both sashes.
The boys had let go of the strings.
Then they took a quiet sneak.
They didn't have any such things as sash cords on kitchen windows in the doctor's house.
The old-fashioned, hold up with a but-

Getting on the ground was not so easy. Of course he got there. Not the way he expected, however. He went head first. The hogshead was slippery and wet, and a bad place to balance one's self on. Wash couldn't do it. He went down kerflummux. All in a heap. "Dat's wha' I sayed!" he sputtered, as he struck the ground. "Yep, me spect so!" piped up Wing. "Washy 'no good fo' nossling. Ha, ha, velly funny, gooddee joke!" Then Wing's hands slipped. Splash! Down he went in his turn. Not on the ground, though. He went clean over his head in water. That gave Wash a chance to laugh. He grabbed it. It was no gentle gurgle that he indulged in.

The coon and the heathen were at the back of the house. The doctor's window was in front. So were the others. They could hear the disturbance, but could not see any one. Wash let out a louder laugh than before, and the doctor hauled in his head in a hurry. Then he proceeded down-stairs to investigate the affair. Meanwhile, Dick Sharp and his chums had not been idle. Dick expected that Whacker or some one would go down stairs. He had provided for this. One of the gang suddenly popped his head out of the kitchen door and whispered:

"Cheese it, fellows! The old man is coming and wants you!"

Both made a dash for the door at once. "Dat's wha' I sayed. If any one am wanted it am me."

"Yep, me spect so, old man no getee 'long wifout Wing-Wing."

Both heads came together, smash! Wash didn't mind a little thing like that.

He got into the house first. Then he started to rush up the back stairs.

As soon as he did that there was trouble. Dingaling-dingaling, ding-ding-ding!

Rattlety-bang, crash, smash!

"Dat's wha' I sayed! Fo' heaben's sake!"

A dozen bells were ringing all at once.

Forty milk cans, more or less, went clattering down the stairs.

A lot of crockery seemed to have broken loose all at once and was now falling all over everything.

Bang!

Bang!

"Police—watch!"

"Help—thieves!"

"Good lan' ob Goshen, wha's de mattab now?"

Everything was the matter apparently.

Bells were ringing and tinware was rattling.

China was falling and water was spilling.

Guns were being fired and every one was yelling.

Out came a lot of boys on the top floor to see what the trouble was.

It was just this.

There was a row of jingling bells in the hall.

They connected with various rooms in the house.

Dick had connected the general wire of all of them with a string that he stretched across the back stairs.

Wash ran into that and set the bells going.

Then there was a pile of tinware at the top of the stairs.

Blunt had run into this when he came out to investigate.

Water pitchers were usually placed alongside the doors of the teachers and Miss Aurora on the outside.

This time they had been put directly in front of the doors.

When the occupants of the rooms rushed out over went the pitchers.

All these things happened nearly at the same time.

Hence the everlasting confusion.

Wash kept right on up-stairs.

The cord broke and the bells stopped ringing.

Down came the pots and pans, kettles and cans, however.

Down came Blunt also.

He and Wash collided.

Then they both were so mixed up that you couldn't tell one from t'other.

In came Wing, and he got mixed up in the confusion at the foot of the stairs.

Then down came the doctor with his gun, Rood with a broom, and the old maid with a fire shovel.

They did not join the melee, however.

They stood at the top of the back stairs and reconnoitered.

Dick and his chums had slipped around to the front.

They wore long night shirts over their clothes.

In that rig they appeared to have just got out of bed.

The others never tumbled to them.

Along the hall they swarmed to find out the cause of the fracas.

Dick then appeared with a candle in his hand.

"The ideal!" screamed Miss Whacker.

She was not dressed for receiving company.

She wore a loose wrapper and a night cap, and her hair was in curl papers.

The minute she saw twenty or thirty boys gazing at her in that guise, she let out a yell and made a break.

"This is most extraordinary, positively without precedent, I cannot understand it at all," snorted Whacker. "What does it mean?"

"The nigger and the heathen seem to be having a scrap," said Dick. "I'll bet two to one on the coon."



WING AND WASH WERE LEFT IN THE SOUP, SO TO SPEAK. THE NIGGER WAS TALL ENOUGH TO LOOK OVER THE TOP OF HIS HOGSHEAD. THE CHINAMAN WAS SHORT. HE HAD TO GRAB HOLD OF THE EDGE TO KEEP FROM GOING OUT OF SIGHT.

Each had one directly under it. Each hogshead was full to the brim with water.

It wasn't the cleanest kind of water either.

Rain water is not, as a rule.

This had come off the roof, and was mixed with tar, iron and decayed wood.

Those windows had gone up pretty suddenly too.

The minute that Wing and Wash touched them up they went.

There was a reason for that.

They were trick windows, as it were.

They had been fixed beforehand by Dick.

There were strings fastened to the upper part of the sash on the outside.

These strings went through screw eyes fixed on the frame above.

Then they went down to the ground.

There was a boy on the end of each string.

The full moon showed up Wing and Wash when they came to the window.

When the boys saw the two chromos, they pulled the strings.

The window sashes did the rest.

The open windows presented the temptation to jump out.

Wing jumped.

So did Wash.

They both went out at the same time.

They went a-flying.

Splash!

It was a double splash.

It sounded like one.

Up to their necks in water went Wing and Wash.

"Yep, me spect so!"

ton, or put a stick of wood under 'em, was good enough.

Consequently, when the cords were released, down went the sashes.

Wing and Wash were left in the soup, so to speak.

The nigger was tall enough to look over the top of his hogshead.

The Chinaman was short. He had to grab hold of the edge to keep from going out of sight.

"Hi-hi, cussee, blazee, me go dloin in watee, no pullee out."

"Shut yo' mouf, yo' yaller headen, yo' make too much noise."

"Yep. Me spect so."

"De folks won' know dat I'se yer, ef yo' makes sech a racket."

"Yep, me spect so. Nigger man tink he big fellee."

"Dat's wha' I sayed. G'rusalem! how's I gwine ter get o't dis ba'l?"

"Yep, me spect so. Hi-hi, cussee watee lun all ovey, too muchee flesh, gettee in shoe, spoilee collee, make wet evlysing."

"Dat's wha' I sayed. If I get out o' dis, den I sen' some one to he'p yo' out, Wingy."

"Yep. Me spect so, over de leffee. Me know you, Petey. Me no born lesserday. Me savy plenty. Hi, hi, cussee, blazee, helpee, me go dloin in watee!"

"Dat's wha' I sayed, an' good ting, too! Yo' am no use!"

"Yep. Me spect so."

Wash was tall enough to climb out of the hogshead.

He did so.

Getting out was not so hard.

It was a good, hearty horse laugh that you could hear half a mile away.

"Yal dat's wha' I sayed!" he chuckled.

"Jus' look o' dat Chineel! He be drowned fo' shuah!"

Up came Wing.

He was puffing like a porpoise.

"Yep, me spect so!" he gasped, as he grabbed the edge of the cask.

Then he gave himself a pull and managed to get an arm over the edge.

The other soon followed.

Next came a leg.

Then the other leg got there.

Plunk!

Wing was in too much of a hurry.

Over he went on his face, not in the water, but on the ground.

"Yep, me spect so!"

"Dat's wha' I sayed! Yah-yah! dat's de bes' yet!"

Wash let out that laugh again.

It must not be expected that all this noise could go on without some one in the house being aroused.

They were.

The doctor was, for one.

Mr. Blunt had also been disturbed.

So had Mr. Rood.

The maiden slumbers of Miss Aurora had likewise been rudely broken in upon.

Up went two or three windows.

"Fire!" screamed the old maid.

"Police—watch!" bawled Blunt.

"This is most extraordinary—positively without precedent!" remarked the doctor, looking out. "Pray what is the meaning of this disturbance?"

Lights being brought, matters were soon straightened out.

"What does all this mean?" asked Whacker.

"I done see fo'ty leben ghostses, boss, an' den I jump o't—"

"Ghosts?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed."

"But there's no such thing as a ghost."

"Yep, me spect so; Wing see um too."

"You've both been drinking."

"Yep, me spect so."

"Dat's wha' I sayed, boss, fo'ty-leben ghostses done come aftah us an' I jumped out o' de winder raight in de hog'shead. Don't see who put it dere, but dey did."

There was certainly no doubting that the two freaks had been in the water.

They were drenched.

Puddles formed all around them where ever they stood.

"Go to bed and keep sober!" snapped Whacker. "I can't have such a disturbance. Go to bed, all of you!"

"Yep, me spect so."

"Dat's wha' I sayed."

"Such a proceeding as this is most extraordinary, positively—"

"Chestnuts!" warbled Dick. "Cheese it, boys, and make a sneak, the fun's over."

It was, for a fact.

For that night, at least.

In another ten minutes all was quiet in the house once more.

The best of it was that no one except those most interested knew how it had all happened.

The next day studies were resumed as usual.

Dick studied as hard as any one, but he had time for fun nevertheless.

One thing about him was his breaking out in such unexpected places.

He seldom took any one into his confidence, and only when two or three fellows were necessary to carry out a joke.

It was in the middle of the forenoon.

Everything was quiet in the general school room.

Over in one corner Mr. Rood sat at a long table looking over a lot of copy books.

In another corner Mr. Blunt was bending over a big terrestrial globe hunting for some out-of-the-way place.

Whacker sat at his desk half asleep, a book in his hand, oblivious to all that was going on.

The boys were for the most part studying and giving all their time to it.

A few big loafers of flies were buzzing away in a warm corner of the window, bumping their heads against the glass and evidently wondering why they couldn't get through it.

It wasn't exactly so still that you could hear a pin drop, but it was very quiet for all that.

Usually, at this time, Wing came in with some coffee and a little light refreshment for the doctor.

Dinner was at one o'clock, and Whacker always had to have his lunch in the middle of the forenoon.

Nobody ever thought of the boys, however.

They had to wait.

Dick did not know of this custom.

Wing was due in a few moments.

Looking up and seeing how still everything was, Dick got an idea.

He lifted the lid of his desk softly and took out something stuck away in a corner.

It was a bomb.

Not a gasp, a dynamite arrangement, calculated to deal out death and destruction if you threw it.

Only an ordinary glass bomb a little bigger than a pea that wouldn't hurt any one.

It had a loud voice, however, and when it went off people knew it.

Dick always did enjoy a racket.

He closed his desk, arose noiselessly in his seat and raised his hand.

Some of the boys saw him, but paid no great attention.

Dick's intention was to throw the thing against the blackboard back of the doctor's desk.

As he drew back his hand for an aim the school room door opened.

In came Wing with a tray in his hands.

It was too late for Dick to stop.

I don't think it would have made any difference, anyhow.

Whish!

Boom!

It was astonishing what a rot of noise that little thing did make.

Being unexpected it was probably much louder.

One moment everything was as quiet as a deaf and dumb asylum.

The next and there was a terrible racket. The result was startling and varied.

One noise seemed to beget another.

"Yep, we spect so," chattered Wing, giving a jump.

Up went the tray in the air.

Wing tried to catch it.

He kicked it instead and sent it flying.

Then he sat down so suddenly that his pigtail flew straight out and snapped like a whip.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Rood, with a sudden nervous start.

In a jiffy he had sent a dozen copy books flying to all parts of the room.

Blunt fell over the globe striking in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and causing the thing to spin around.

That got him more mixed up and he went sprawling on the floor.

The doctor jumped, over turned his chair and fell backward on the platform.

"Dear me, this is most extraordinary!"

"Good heavens!"

"Bless my soul!"

"Yep, me spect so!"

"Teacher, can I go out?"

For a few moments there was no end of confusion.

Boys were on their feet gesticulating and asking questions. Wing was trying to pick up the lost lunch, Blunt was going around the globe, Rood was hunting copy books and Whacker was trying to discover which was he and which his chair.

Dick was the most unconcerned party in the whole room.

He sat at his desk poring over his lesson, and did not seem to have heard anything.

Suddenly, when things were getting quiet again, he gave a start and asked:

"Dear me, why, what was that?"

The whole school had to laugh, it was so unexpected.

"This is most extraordinary!" said the doctor. "Positively without precedent! What was it? Did any one see anything?"

"Yep, me spect so," said Wing. "Fire-clacker go bang, hap."

"Bless my soul! It must have been a thunder clap," said Rood.

"It sounded very much like a torpedo exploding," said Blunt.

"Perhaps Wash threw one of his socks out of the window," said Tom.

"A printing office towel fell down," added Hall Wright.

Dick was the only fellow who said nothing.

He sawed wood instead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIRST COUPON FOR THE 50 RARE POSTAGE STAMPS WILL BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

Breaking Up a Relative.

By "ED."

I LIVE ON—I mean with—my relatives. It don't humble me any, and they are proud of my *distingue* air.

That is, I think they are.

The head of our household is my Uncle Matthew. He married into the family during a cold snap, and the family have helped keep it warm for him in various ways ever since, which may seem something of a contradiction, but it isn't.

He is one of the best natured men in the world, but he has one fault.

That is a foible of making a mountain out of a mole-hill.

Every night he comes home and entertains us with some ghost story regarding the events of the day.

It never does to get him fairly started in his narrations, for if you encourage him he will get wound up and talk away all night.

Therefore, when we see that he is bristling with some fresh (?) piece of news, we mutually combine to choke him off.

And it is done easy enough.

All of us are in the ring, and we work right in together.

The other Saturday night he came home chock-full of gossip.

We could see it in his eye as he took his throne at the head of the banquet board.

He was so anxious to get started orally that he could hardly shovel out the soup.

He's got our soup capacity all gauged, however, leaving a little in the tureen for looks, then he began:

"Maria?"

Maria is his wife and she frowned. She always does when he cooes to her by that name, for her visiting show cards bear the dainty inscription "Marie," for she says she is of French descent, and most of her ancestors got massacred in France on Saint Patrick's Day. At least I think it was Saint Patrick's Day, but if it ain't it must be Saint Bartholomew's. (I will risk my first assertion, though, to catch the Irish vote and blame the mistake on the proof-reader who is generally supposed to be a walking encyclopedia of all sorts of knowledge for about nine dollars a week, and universal blame. What is a proof-reader for, anyway, if he is not posted on all events in ancient and modern history?)

My aunt sniffed:

"What?" she asked in an icy voice.

"What do you suppose?"

"Suppose about what?"

"What happened to me to-day?"

My aunt evinces not the least curiosity. "Georgiana," she said to one of her numerous offsprings, "if you blow in your soup again I'll send you out to eat with the chickens."

Uncle Matthew fidgeted.

"Maria," remarked he, "didn't I tell you that I had an adventure to-day?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you listen?"

"I am, ain't I?"

"You don't seem to be. As I was saying—"

Here my cousin Ben broke in.

Ben is sweet nineteen and the dude of the family.

"Pa," said he.

"What?" shortly returned Benjamin's ancestor.

"Gimme three dollars."

My worthy uncle was so surprised at this modest request that he shed soup all over himself.

"What do you take me for—the mint?"

"No."

"Then why ask such nonsense! I ain't made out of money, and times are hard. Somebody stuck me on a Canadian quarter to-day, and I will be blessed if I can pass it. What do you want the three dollars for?"

"Skates."

My uncle's face was a picture.

"What in the world do you want of skates this time of year? You'll get skates when you go to work and earn them, not before."

"All right," and Ben growlingly subsided.

Uncle Matthew held forth again:

"As I was saying—" he started off.

It was a false start.

My aunt did not allow the flag, to use a sporting term, to be dropped.

"Matthew?" she queried, sharply.

"Well?" grunted Uncle Matthew, in no gentle tone.

"Where did you get this butter?"

"Why?"

"Nothing, except that it is oleomargarine."

That touched my respected relative in a weak point.

He prides himself on being a *connoisseur* in all that the market affords.

He got mad instantly.

"The butter oleomargarine?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"By the taste."

"Fudgel!"

"By the color."

"Stuff!"

My aunt meekly folded her hands.

She looked as if she was about to be burnt at the stake, for all those cheerful looking martyrs whom we see illustrated in Fox's "Book of Martyrs" appear to have been perfectly meek and contented in that fiery trip to glory.

"Proceed," she requested, in a tone of voice way below zero.

My uncle did.

But I could see he was getting more and more worked up.

"I started, I believe, to tell you what occurred to me to-day."

"Well?"

"But you won't listen."

"We're listening," came in chorus; "go ahead."

"To-day," frowned Uncle Matthew, "I met an old friend of mine named Jones."

Ben became attention on the instant.

"I guess I know who you mean," he ejaculated.

"Where did you ever see him?"

"Never did."

"Then how do you know him?"

"From his two boys. I run with both of them. He's in Washington Market, ain't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's got two sons."

"He's old enough to have seven."

"But I go with these fellows, and I can't help laughing at the way they talk."

"What about?"

"You."

Uncle Matthew looked surprised.

"What do they say about me?"

"Oh, I don't want to say."

"Why not?"

"Because you might get mad."

"I will have you to understand, sir," rebuked my uncle, "that I never get mad. Nobody but a fool does. What lies do they tell about me?"

Ben grinned.

"They don't tell me alone, but all the rest of the boys in school."

Uncle Matthew frowned.

"I would like to know what reason they have to iterate falsehoods?" he inquired.

"Maybe they hear their old man talking."

"Does he talk about me?"

"You bet he does."

"Favorably, of course?"

"Well, I should guess not, if the boys tell the truth."

"Which they don't, the villains. Repeat their libels."

"Oh, they say you are a regular old crank."

"In what respect?"

"In one respect about your figure."

"What do they say about that?"

"They say my father looks like a Punch-inello."

By this time Uncle Matthew is furious. But he pretends to be calm.

He gulps down a few morsels and retires.

A good cigar and a walk in the air restores his common sense.

Like all choleric men his wrath is short lived.

Jones is yet on top of the turf.

DON'T MISS THE GRAND ANNOUNCEMENTS ON 16TH PAGE OF THIS PAPER.

Answers to Correspondents.

To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents in sending number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If this is not done, questions will have to be rewritten by those who send them. As considerable trouble has been caused by those who fail to mention the paper in which they wish their answers to appear, NOTICE is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed "EDITOR OF HAPPY DAYS, 34 and 38 North Moore St., N. Y. Box 2730."

S. PERLMAN.—We have no exchange department in this paper.

A. BEADER.—Clean the shells by aid of a rag dipped in hydrochloric acid, wash in warm water, dry in sawdust, and polish with chamomile leather.

G. E. S.—Good song writers are paid for their compositions. We have examined your poetical production, and find that it will be some time before you will be able to write verses for publication.

F. M. COFFEY.—We do not publish those stories, nor do we know where they can be procured. You might write to the New Orleans News Co., New Orleans, La. We cannot publish the song you request.

CHAS. CLUNE.—If the powder marks are not very distinct you will, no doubt, outgrow them. If they are very dark and plain, we advise you to consult a good surgeon, who, after a careful examination, may be able to suggest some method for removing them.

R. V. and FRIENDS.—You can remove warts by touching the top of them with nitric acid once a week; they will then soon dry up and disappear. Care should be taken not to get the acid on the surrounding flesh, as it will make a sore. 2 We will take your suggestion into consideration.

CHARLES E. SMITH.—You are too young to join the navy. You might join a United States training ship, if you have the full consent of your parents. For full particulars regarding enlistment, address Captain E. M. Shepard, Receiving Ship Minnesota, New York City, Station G.

R. Y. (Selma, Ala.).—We cannot name all the stories written by "Noname" for this paper, as there are between thirty and forty of them. 2 "Peter Pad" (George G. Small) has been dead for over eight years. 3 A boy of 13 years ought to weigh 85 pounds and be 4 feet 6 inches tall. 4 See answer to "Alligator" in this column.

BOW-LEGGED BOY.—If a boy is bow-legged at the age of eight or ten years it is impossible to cure the deformity, unless you go under the treatment of a specialist who makes a business of treating deformities of the arms and legs; and even then he may not be able to completely remedy the deformity without a surgical operation.

J. BRASCH.—Jerry Owens, the detective, is still living. 2 President Garfield was assassinated in Washington July 2, 1881; he died September 19, 1881, at Long Branch, N. J. 3 There is a small premium on some of the first issues of the 50-cent fractional currency. Write to stamp and coin dealer for his catalogue of premium bearing notes.

LUCIEN.—A fundamental tone is the natural tone of the voice. A "clangtint" is a technical expression, meaning a discord. 2 The number of inches of rain is measured by a rain gauge, which consists of a receiver representing so many square inches of surface, which is connected with a reservoir to hold the water. This reservoir contains a graduated scale for measuring the depth of rain which falls in any given period of time.

CIGARS.—The poisonous properties of the tobacco is the same in cigars and cigarettes, but cigarettes are cheap and are flavored with different ingredients to create a desire for them; they are therefore, more liable to be smoked to excess. The best way is to avoid the use of tobacco in any form—it is the only safe way. 2 Silver 3-cent pieces of 1865-67 are quoted at twenty-five cents for fine specimens; this is the selling price. The other coins bear no premium.

TOM MART.—To become a jockey you must first work around the stables of race horses and gradually work your way up; proficiency can only be acquired by actual riding and handling of race horses on a race track. There is no fixed wages for a jockey—his pay generally depends on his success. 2 Kinetoscope is a moving panorama. 3 It would be impossible for a landsman to go on board of ship to make a cruise without showing his ignorance of marine life.

(Several letters remain over to be answered next week.)

MAZEPPA No. 2.

(Continued from page 8.)

"Is Tom Hazen here?" Bill asked.
"No," was the curt reply.
"We saw him placed in your ambulance last night when he was unconscious, and heard the policeman tell the driver and doctor to take him to the hospital."
"There are the names of all the patients here," the doctor said, pointing to the register on the desk.
Bill looked over it and failed to find Tom Hazen's name there.
"Well, where did your ambulance take him then?" he asked.
"I don't know."
"You can't give us any information about him?"
"No, I know nothing in the world about him."
"Where is the driver?"
"At the stable, I suppose."
"Where is that?"
"In the rear of the hospital on the next block."

"Come on, boys. We'll find out something about this or know the reason why," and Bill Saxton led the way out and round to the stable.

There they found the man in charge of the stable disposed to answer no questions, and wanted to refer them to the head doctor.

"You're the doctor we want," Bill said to him, "and you'll get an extra head on your shoulders if you don't talk to suit us. Where is the ambulance driver?"

"Here he is," said a burly fellow, coming out of a little office on the left. "What do you want of me?"

"Where did you leave the fireman you took away from the fire last night?" Bill asked.

"Well, hanged if I know. When we got here the ambulance was empty. He had given us the slip, I guess, and the doctor was mad."

"If he did he must have gone home, then. Come on, boys, we'll go to his boarding-house and see if he is there," and they turned and made their way down to the street again.

They marched round to the Widow Hulsey's boarding-house where Tom had lived for two years.

Some of the boarders were just leaving after an early breakfast and were amazed at seeing all the members of Mazeppa No. 2 in front of the house.

"Is Tom here?" Bill asked of the girl who came to the door.

"I really don't know. He hasn't been down to breakfast yet," she replied, her blue eyes opening in surprise.

"May I go up to his room and see if he is there?"

"Why, yes," and she held the door open for him.

Saxton ran up the stairs, taking three or four steps at a bound, and knocked on Tom's door.

No reply came and he pushed open the door and entered.

There lay Tom sound asleep—the sleep of utter exhaustion. He looked at him in silence for a minute or two and then came out on tiptoe to avoid waking him and went down-stairs.

"He is asleep, boys," he said to the young firemen, "and I hadn't the heart to wake him up."

"That's right," said half a dozen, in a breath. "Let him sleep!"

"Yes, and that's what we all need," Bill added. "Let's all go home and get as much sleep as we can and meet at the engine house to-night."

They all turned away and quickly disappeared, and Saxton told the widow not to awake Tom but let him sleep as long as he could.

The news of Tom's heroic deeds spread all over the city during the day, and his struggle with the maniac gathered interest as it was told and repeated. The entire city was thrilled by the story and no one repeated it more to his credit than did the chief of the fire department himself.

The members of the rival fire companies did not have much to say, but they were compelled to admit that Mazeppa No. 2 carried off all the honors.

"They happened to be the first at the fire," one said, "and that's how they came to get the chance to save life. Had we got there first, our men would have done the saving. That's all the difference."

The chief went to see Tom, and found him still in bed.

"What's the matter, Hazen?" he asked.

"I am all broke up, chief," was the reply.

"No bones broken, I hope?"

"No, but I want to rest to-day."

"Well, you are entitled to a month, if you need it."

"I guess I'll be all right to-morrow. Just tell 'em not to have any more fires till I get out again."

The chief laughed, and said:

"I'll see to that. But if the bell rings, you stay where you are. Here's your trumpet. I took it home with me this morning."

"Thank you, chief. I am glad to see it

again. Tell the boys I am all right and will soon be out."

The chief then left him and Tom fell asleep again and did not wake up until in the middle of the afternoon.

He was dressing hurriedly to go down stairs for something to eat when a knock on his door was heard.

"Come in," he said.

The door opened and two men, uttering words to him, came in.

"Are you Tom Hazen?" one of them asked.

"Yes, that's my name," he replied, looking inquiringly at the man.

"We are detectives," said the man who first spoke.

"Detectives! What do you want here?" and Tom looked the astonishment he felt.

"Miss Pelham lost a valuable diamond ring last night, and we have been retained by Mr. Morton to look it up."

"Did he tell you to come here to look for it?" Tom asked.

"No. He simply reported the loss and we came to ask if you knew anything about it, thinking she might have placed it in your charge in her fright last night."

"I know nothing of it. She did not give it to me, nor did I notice that she had one."

"May we search the clothes you wore last night. In the struggle to save her it might have slipped off, you know, and lodged somewhere. Stranger things have happened in our experience."

"There are the clothes I wore last night," Tom said, pointing to the smoke begrimed and scorched suit lying on a chair in the room.

They took up the suit and searched all the pockets very deliberately.

"Ah! Here it is!" the taller of the two exclaimed, holding up a diamond cluster ring to view. "It was in the waistband pocket of your trousers."

Tom was almost paralyzed as he gazed at the sparkling jewel.

"You see, we know how these things happen sometimes. Mr. Morton said if we found the ring not to make any arrest. We shall take it to him and that will be the end of it. Good-day!" and ere Tom could utter a word in reply he was alone in his room.

CHAPTER V.

THE STORY OF THE DIAMOND RING.

To say that Tom was astonished at what had taken place would not express it at all. He was dumfounded—speechless with amazement, and he dropped down on a chair and gazed at the wall in front of him till his brain was in a whirl.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"That is a game played on me! That ring was not in that pocket!" and he seized the trousers and turned the waistband pocket inside out.

"Ah!" and he stood rooted to the spot, for the entire bottom of the pocket was gone.

It had been worn out!

He sat down to think.

"Why was it done?" he asked himself, gazing at the wall again.

"Is any one trying to make me out a thief? Did Miss Pelham send them here to search me? Ah! I have it now! Al Morton is at the bottom of this. He seeks to ruin me and he has got the game all in his hands, too. What good will any denial from me do against the fact that it was found in my pocket? Lord, what a mean revenge! If I can't save myself from such a charge I'll break every bone in Al Morton's body and then take the consequences! Oh, I see through it now! Dick Allgood said in that drugstore last night that Al would be jealous of me because I had saved her life. To make her think I am a thief is the object of this little game. Heavens! but he is mean enough to betray his own mother!"

Tom paced back and forth in his room like an enraged tiger.

He was trying to make up his mind what was best for him to do under the circumstances. There were features about it that puzzled him.

"I'll go and see the chief about it," he finally decided, and in a few moments he was on his way down-stairs to get something to eat before going out.

He called at the office of the fire chief, but that official was not in. Quite a number of citizens who recognized him rushed forward and shook hands with him.

But he wanted to see the chief and went in search of him.

He met Ben Stewart, one of the boy firemen.

"Glad to see you, Tom," Ben said. "We were afraid you were badly hurt."

"Well, I was. I feel sore all over yet, but I guess I can keep on my feet. Come on and help me find the chief. I want to see him."

So Ben went along with him.

Some one told him the chief was at the Carlton House, and he went there.

The moment he entered the hotel a rush was made to shake his hand and congratulate him on his heroic work the night be-

fore. He was very modest about it, and said he had tried to do his duty.

"Ah!" cried a strong voiced man behind him. "Let me take your hand, my boy!" and ere he knew it he was shaking hands with Leonard Morton, the rich banker.

"You saved the lives of my daughter and niece last night at the risk of your own. If you ever need a friend come to Leonard Morton," and he wrung Tom's hand with such vigor the young fireman wondered if he knew about his diamond ring.

"I am glad I was able to do what I did, sir," Tom replied.

"So are all of us," returned the banker.

A few minutes later a servant came to Mr. Morton and told him that the ladies wanted him to bring the young fireman up-stairs so that they could thank him.

Tom heard her and promptly spoke up:

"Tell the ladies a fireman does not expect thanks for doing his duty."

"You must go up with me," Mr. Morton said.

"Indeed, sir, I cannot."

"Why not?"

"Because I came here on other business, and must defer seeing the ladies till some other time. Ah, Chief! Glad to see you! I went to your office to see you but you were out. I have urgent business with you."

"Come on, then," said the chief, "we'll go back there," and he led the way, followed by Tom and Ben.

Once more in the chief's office Tom shut the door, bound him and Ben to secrecy, and then related the story of the ring, together with an account of his encounter with young Al Morton just a few moments before the fire broke out the night before.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the chief. "I saw that ring on her hand as young Morton bore her away in his arms!"

"So did I!" exclaimed Ben Stewart, "and I know a dozen others who must have seen it too!"

"Then that lets me out!" Tom said, his eyes filling with tears. "But somebody is trying to ruin me."

"Do you know the two men who found the ring?" the chief asked.

"No, but they said they were detectives employed to hunt up the ring."

"You would know them again?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, I think young Morton has played the trick to make Miss Pelham think you an unworthy character. Let's see how many saw the ring on her hand as he bore her away. We can find out without letting the secret out. Don't mention it and we'll see if anything comes of it."

They agreed to follow his advice and then left him to go to the engine house of Mazeppa No. 2. Very few of the members were there, as all of them worked for a living.

Tom was talking with one of the boys, when an elderly woman came in and asked:

"Is Mr. Hazen here?"

"Yes," said Ben Stewart. "This is Tom Hazen."

She came up to Tom, looked him in the face for nearly a full minute, after which she said:

"Pardon me, sir. I wanted to get your face on my memory so I could never forget it. I've got it now. I am a poor woman and can give nothing but my prayers for what you did last night. Oh, I shall never cease to pray for Heaven's blessings on your head!" and she seized his hand and covered it with tears and kisses.

Tom and the others took off their hats, and she continued:

"You saved me from a horrible death last night, and then fought that maniac to save my daughter—my only child. We lost everything. Have nothing left in the wide world, not even a change of clothing. But you saved our lives and we are grateful."

"Madam, give me your name?" Tom said, as she turned to leave.

"My name is Mrs. Raines, and my daughter is named Dollie. A neighbor two doors west of the house that was burned has given us shelter. Dollie works in the factory on Dover street and can earn enough to feed us."

Tom wrote her name and address in a little note book and said:

"I'll call and see you soon."

"Dollie wants to see and thank you ever so much," she said, turning and leaving the engine-house.

"Boys, we must help her," Tom said, gazing after her. "She is a heartbroken woman if I ever saw one."

"That she is and we can do a good deal for her if we try," and Ben Stewart brushed tears from his eyes with his sleeve as he spoke.

"Of course we can and we must," put in Tom. "I'm going back to the Carlton House and make Mr. Morton put up something for her. He was insured and she was not."

"Yes, that's so. You see him, Tom, and make him come down."

"Better wait till to-night," suggested Ben. "It would be better than to go now."

"I believe you are right. I will wait till evening," and so he did.

In the evening Dan Allen came to the engine house, having been fixed up all right at the hospital. The boys crowded around him and shook his hand.

"How is Jack?" they all asked him.

"Jack is doing well, and may get out to-morrow," he replied.

"Good—good! We'll have a jollification when he comes."

Quite a number of citizens came in to congratulate the young firemen, and one said:

"The ladies are going to present you a silk banner, on which will be worked the names of those whose lives were saved last night."

"That will make trouble," said Tom, shaking his head.

"In what way?"

"Some of the Vigilants ran up the ladder and brought down several women."

"Yes, after your boys had gone in and brought them out."

"True; but they had to be brought down before they were safe," returned Tom.

"I guess the ladies will do all hands justice," remarked one of the citizens.

"I hope they will. But I want to raise some money for Mrs. Raines. She and her daughter lost everything they had last night."

"Very good; here, put me down for ten dollars," said the citizen, handing Tom a bill.

"Yes, here's another for me."

"And here's a five for me," and a dozen men paid in over sixty dollars in less than five minutes.

Tom wrote down every name and the sum paid by each, and then said to those about him:

"I am going to the Carlton House and see how much I can raise there. It will take several hundred dollars to fix 'em up in another home."

When he entered the hotel, he asked the landlord if he could canvas the guests for subscriptions.

"Yes, my boy, and here's a tenner to start with."

"Thank you, sir," and he went among the guests and citizens, and soon he was surrounded by a crowd, all eager to give something and shake his hand.

Al Morton was there, and took four well-known citizens aside, to whom he said:

"See here, if you want your money to go to that poor woman, send it to her by one who will give it to her."

"Why, what do you mean?" one asked.

"Isn't he honest?"

"Let me tell you something, and then you can judge for yourself," and he told them about the detectives finding the diamond ring in Hazen's clothes that morning and its return to the owner, adding:

"We can't prosecute him under the circumstances, you know. He is brave enough, and all that, but that's all."

After that no more money was given Hazen in the hotel that evening. Tom noticed that he was eyed suspiciously by many.

"Ah!" he thought, "Al Morton has told that story of the diamond ring. I'll wait till I have my proofs and then his father will have to spend some money to keep him out of jail!"

Half an hour later he told some of those about him that he would go and give what money he had received to Mrs. Raines, adding:

"The sooner she gets it the happier she will be and the better she will sleep."

"Yes, but you had better give it to her to-morrow," suggested some one in the crowd.

"No, I will go to-night."

Al Morton stepped out of the hotel and held a whispered confab with a man on the sidewalk. The man hurried away, and Al returned to the crowd in the hotel.

Ten or fifteen minutes later Tom and Ben Stewart left together to go and see the widow Raines.

CHAPTER VI.

"HALT! HANDS UP!"—THROUGH THE FLAMES.

WHEN they had gone but a few blocks, Ben said to Tom:

"Let's go by my home and get something to defend ourselves with. That's a rough neighborhood, you know."

"What have you got?" Tom asked.

"I've got clubs and slungshots."

Ben's father was a policeman, and he had quite a collection of such things on hand, taken from parties arrested during a service of several years.

Tom laughed and went with him as it was not far out of their way, and so each one got a regulation slungshot with a cord attached to keep it from flying from the hand.

"I don't think we'd have any use for them once in ten years," Tom remarked.

"And yet we might," returned Ben.

"No harm in having 'em anyway."

"No, of course not."

When they turned the corner of the Carlton hat factory Ben said:

"This is the tough part just below us here."

"Yes, I know."

"Halt—hands up!" hoarsely ordered one of two men, stepping out from under the dark shadow of the big factory.

Both boys were startled.

"Hands up!" hissed the man in front of Tom, thrusting the muzzle of a pistol in his face.

Tom had the slung-shot in his hand at the moment, the cord round his wrist.

He raised both hands above his head and brought the slung-shot down against the man's left temple with such force as to drop him to earth like a log.

Ben let his fall plump on his man's nose, crushing it and sending him reeling backward.

Crack!

Crack!

Maddened with pain and dazed the second man fired twice.

But his bullets went wide of the mark, and Ben, who was game all the way through, sprang forward and dealt him another blow full in the face.

As each slung shot had nearly a pound of lead in the business end of it a blow from one of them was like a thunderbolt when well aimed.

"Give him another, Ben!" exclaimed Tom, springing forward and giving the would-be robber a blow on the shoulder.

He aimed at his head, but the man dodged in time to save himself. He had dropped his revolver, and then, seeing his pal was knocked out, he took to his heels and ran with all his speed.

"I've got his pistol!" exclaimed Ben, as he picked up the revolver.

"Hold on to it, then."

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

At the first stroke they both ran with all speed for the engine house of Mazeppa No. 2.

"It's in the Fifth Ward, Tom!" Ben said.

"Yes—hurry!"

They reached the engine house just as the fire engine was going out.

"Hooray! Here's Tom!"

Tom dashed in, seized his helmet and trumpet, threw off his coat, and put on his red shirt.

Then he sprang away like a deer to overtake the fire engine.

They were both good runners and overtook the others when within two blocks of the fire.

It was a big store in the center of a row of business houses, four stories high.

The janitor and his family lived on the top floor, and their retreat was cut off by the flames below.

The stores on either side were but two stories high.

"Here with the ladders!" called Tom, through his trumpet in front of the store on the right.

A ladder was quickly run up to the roof, and Tom and Dan Allen ran up it like two cats.

"Send up another ladder," Tom called, and a second ladder was pushed up to the roof. There it was immediately run up to the roof of the burning store and Tom and Dan hurried up there.

The janitor had his wife and two children out on the roof. She was a two hundred pounder, and was running about the roof wringing her hands and screaming at the top of her voice.

"Attend to your wife" Tom said to the janitor, "and we'll get the two children down all right."

The two young firemen each seized a child and ran down the ladder with it and gave it in charge there of other firemen, who hurried down to the street with them.

Tom looked up and saw the janitor vainly pleading with his wife to go down the ladder.

She had never done such a thing in her life, and fully believed it certain death for her to undertake it.

"Come, Dan," Tom called. "We must go up and help him."

They both ran up to where the janitor was struggling with the frantic woman. She was wringing her hands and screaming with all her might. The flames were now coming up through the scuttle with fiery fury.

Tom placed his trumpet close to her ear, and yelled:

"Shut up, or burn up!"

She came near falling off the roof in her consternation.

But she shut up at once.

"Go down, quick! You have no time to lose!"

"My children! Oh, my children!"

"They are safe down on the street with friends!"

She started to go down, and on every rung she had to stop to scream. Being so heavy the long ladder swayed and sagged under her movements.

But she finally succeeded in reaching the

lower roof and to the amazement of the firemen down there, refused to go down the ladder which led to the street. She broke away from them and ran over a half dozen roofs to the end of the block.

"Let her go!" Tom called out to them.

But they had followed her two roofs away ere he called.

Just a moment later there was an explosion below, and the roof on which the ladder rested caved in and the ladder fell with it.

A groan came up to Tom and Dan from the crowd below, for they seemed to be entirely beyond human aid.

"Tom, we are lost!" Dan called out to him.

"There's another side," Tom replied, going across the roof to the other side.

To his amazement the roof of the store on that side was in a blaze.

"This looks bad for us, Dan," Tom said very coolly. "But we won't roast if we can help it."

"No; but can we help it?"

"I don't know," and Tom shook his head. "To jump is to die, and to stay here is to roast."

He walked over to the front end of the building and gazed down at the multitude in the street.

It was a sea of upturned faces.

This time they did not call to him.

They could see no hope of escape for the two brave boys, so they gazed up in grief and horror.

The flames burst through the two lower roofs on either side, and they were coming through in many places on the roof under their feet.

"Tom—Tom!" cried Dan. "There's a dozen telegraph wires lying across this roof going to either end of the block!"

Tom wheeled round and gazed at the wires.

The building on which they stood was the highest by two stories of all in the block, hence there was a sharp decline on either side.

"Dan, we can save ourselves!" he cried. "If we can find something that can stand the friction we can slide clear down to that third roof!"

"If we could stand the heat! The flames actually reach the wires now!"

"Here's some old wire!" and Dan sprang forward to a corner where the linemen had tossed aside some remnants of wire months before.

Tom seized it, bent it and then sprang forward and looped it over four of the telegraph wires.

Dan did the same with another coil, each doubling four times.

That done Tom ran to the front and sung out through his trumpet to the crowd below:

"We are going to slide over on the wires! Send help to the roof of the third house!"

A groan came up from the crowd below, for the flames were now above the wires.

The two brave boys ran back to the wires and stood under them.

"Dan!"

"Tom!"

Their hands met in a firm grasp.

"It's our only chance, Dan!"

"Yes, our only chance!"

"Come on then!" and Tom held on to his loop and sprang over the roof—over the seething caldron of fierce flame—and quickly disappeared from sight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOUR STROKES OF A PEN MAY
MEAN FROM \$5 TO \$50 TO YOU. SEE
ANNOUNCEMENT ON 16TH PAGE.

A Strange Vision Upon a Window Curtain.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.

EARLY in the winter of 188—, I was lodging in a large, old-fashioned house in London. Insomnia, brought on by business troubles, had reduced me to a state of nervous collapse, and I was on the verge of a serious illness.

Rising one night, after vainly courting sleep for two hours, I determined to take a warm bath. It was two o'clock. While the bath filled, I gazed out at the rear of a house, about one hundred yards distant, in C— street.

Suddenly, on the illuminated curtain of a room two or three floors above the street, I saw figures of a man and woman in silhouette. Stirred by curiosity, I watched the curtain with its tell-tale pictures, wondering what movements they would execute. As I gazed, surprise and horror seized me, for I saw the man raise a shadowy arm, and pierce the woman's bosom with a dagger. She threw her arms wildly in the air, opened her mouth, as if to emit a scream, and fell to the floor, when, of course, her figure cast no shadow on the curtain.

All this had occupied perhaps less than two seconds, but in that time I endured a

mental torture such as I had never felt before. As the dagger descended I involuntarily threw out my arms as if to shield the victim, and uttered an exclamation of mingled rage and horror.

I turned shuddering from the window just as the shadowy criminal stooped toward the spot where his victim lay, and before I could cry out I reeled and fell heavily to the floor.

My fall aroused the whole house, and Philip Holt, whose rooms were on the same floor with mine, carried me to bed. The vision of that night hastened my long threatened illness, and ten days passed before my faculties returned sufficiently for me to relate what I had seen. The doctor smiled at my story and said: "It was a pure hallucination, my dear fellow. Such things are quite common to persons in your condition."

"But," said I, "the thing happened when I was broad awake, and in every detail it was as distinct as any genuine occurrence I ever beheld."

"Not at all remarkable," was his reply. "You ought to be satisfied with the knowledge that there has not been a word of such a crime in any newspaper. An affair of the kind could not have been concealed for ten days. Don't think of it any more."

Two weeks later I was in my usual health, save that my old trouble of insomnia hovered threateningly near, and recurred with any imprudence in eating, worry, or excitement.

Not entirely satisfied with the doctor's theory of my vision, I went to the lodging house in C— street and inquired for rooms. A stuffy old hag, with peering, suspicious eyes, and an air of undetected criminality, showed me through the house, and offered to let a furnished suite, consisting of sitting room, bedroom and bath room. As near as I could guess, the sitting room was the one where the crime of my vision had been committed.

"Who occupied these rooms last?" I inquired.

"Mr. Carr and wife," answered the old hag, with evident unwillingness.

"Do you know Mr. Carr's business?"

"The tenant's business ain't none o' mine," she replied, sharply.

"When did the Carrs move out?"

"About three weeks ago."

"Did you see Mrs. Carr on the day they left the house?"

"Now what do you ask me that for? I don't watch peoples' doin's in this house. The tenants is respectable families, and they don't like no meddlin'. If you want these rooms you can have 'em, but you won't stay long if you ask too many questions about your neighbors. We don't want no troublesome or worrying people here."

It was evidently useless to ask further questions, so I tramped downward through the ill-smelling, narrow hall, my suspicions far from lulled. A bald-faced woman widened her eyes at me on one stairway, and through an open door below I caught a glimpse of a tumbled bed and a soiled blue slipper, and a half-smoked cigarette beside it on the floor.

When I again spoke to Holt on the subject, and told him that my suspicions still existed, he deeply frowned, and said: "If you permit yourself to go on in this way, you'll be in bed again. There is no reasonable doubt of your hallucination. The books are full of such cases. Furthermore, the woman could not have been actually murdered, or the crime would have come to light ere this, and if she was only wounded, it is not your business to ferret the matter out. If you're not careful you'll get into the newspapers, and be made ridiculous."

This last argument was enough. I gradually came to accept the theory of my friends. I passed through the winter without further illness, but gained strength slowly, and when spring appeared my sleeplessness returned. With it came an irresistible attraction toward the bath room window, whence my vision of a few months before had been seen. Whenever I lay awake, I went some time during the long night and stared out toward that light in the lodging house. Night after night I saw nothing, and turned away, relieved at the assurance that one symptom of my former illness was declining.

Punctually at one o'clock on a cool April morning, after three hours of vain tossing in bed, I entered the bath room with my eyes directed toward the door. For an instant I could not credit the vision which met my gaze. On the luminous curtain where I had seen the shadowy pantomime before, the same tragedy was being enacted. This time I had arrived a little later in the progress of the scene, for here plainly was the falling woman and the withdrawn dagger in the hand of her companion. The man turned, as before, toward his victim, and I hoped to see him rise, in hopes of obtaining some clew that that which I seen was real. I saw nothing further. If the shadowy slayer had bent over a real victim, he must have risen in such a spot that his figure was not brought again between the light and the curtain.

Filled with the forebodings of a new illness, I awoke Holt, and told my vision. We went to the window, looked toward the lodging house, and saw only the faint gleam of unlighted panes. Holt gave me an opiate, and the next morning the doctor had me removed to the country.

I remained out of town all summer, bathing, fishing and boating. For three months I went to bed tired every night, and slept ten hours. Then I took a long sea voyage, and arrived back about the middle of September, more robust than I had ever been before.

Holt and I laughed at the old hallucination, and the doctor rallied me considerably upon my detective spirit of the winter before. On the first night in my lodgings I forgot the fateful window, and slept without disturbance. The next night, however, I came in late, and yielded to a sudden whim that led me to the bath room window.

As I entered the bath room, I looked over toward the lodging-house, and gave a little start at seeing a light in the very apartment that had so long possessed for me a fascinating interest.

The night was warm, and the window whence the light shone was raised.

The curtains were drawn also, and I could see pretty clearly a man and a woman sitting opposite each other near the center of the room.

I shivered a little on discovering that the couple were very like those of the pantomimes. The man was smooth shaven and well featured. The woman seemed older than he, and her face fitted well with the names of evil suggestion that I had seen in the vestibule eight months before.

As I gazed, I saw the woman suddenly start toward her companion with some gleaming weapon in her up-raised hand.

The man rose to receive the attack, and I saw a shining dagger plunged into her bosom.

Trembling with horror, I was about to cry out, when a heavy, natural laugh burst my upon ear from the hall.

On looking round, I saw my friend Holt in the doorway.

"Merciful powers, man! did you see that?" I gasped.

"Certainly," he said, with another laugh.

"Then how can you stand there laughing? If we both saw it, there can be no doubt of its reality, then."

"It was real and unreal, old man. Your sight is vindicated, and the doctor and I are put to shame, but there is no cause for horror. See, the light has been turned out, and there is nothing more to be learned. Take something to steady your nerves, and I'll explain the mystery."

Wondering at his language, but considerably reassured, I followed him slowly to his room and sat down.

"Now," said Holt, "the thing you saw to-night—I shuddered again as he spoke—and on two other occasions, is easily explained. James Carr and his wife, who have lived in that apartment off and on for eight months, are known to many theater-goers here and elsewhere as Arthur Leroy and Mademoiselle Picard. What you saw to-night was the rehearsal of an incident in a play which is to be produced at the X— Theater early next week. You'll find the very scene on a dozen boardings in the streets. It's a quarrel. The woman attacks the man with a pair of scissors, and he responds with a dagger. The play was produced in the provinces last winter, and at one or two popular watering-places in the summer. You have seen three rehearsals."

"Holt, I don't believe you," I cried, as it flashed upon me that my old illness was returning, and that Holt had taken this method of diverting my mind from the threatened calamity.

That evening at dinner, while reading an afternoon paper, I came upon a conspicuous heading in these words: "Slain at Rehearsal." I started, read on, and discovered that James Carr, alias Arthur Leroy, had killed his wife the night before in their rooms in C— street. Then I knew that Holt and I had actually seen the crime committed.

According to the newspaper account, Carr, on being arrested, had confessed the homicide and pleaded self-defense.

He had been married five years, but he and his wife had always lived a cat and dog's life. After their rehearsal of the night before she had called up an old grievance, and finally in a fit of anger, attacked him with a pair of scissors, the very weapon she was to have used in the mimic scene on the approaching "first night." He had defended himself with the dagger just employed at rehearsal, and was horrified that he had slain her.

Nobody quite believed Carr's story at first, but the testimony of Holt and myself saved the poor fellow's neck.

THE POSTAGE STAMPS WE GIVE YOU
ARE ALL RARE AND FOREIGN. CUT OUT
THE COUPON NEXT WEEK.

SHINER, The New York Bootblack;

OR,
The Secret of a Boy's Life.

By N. S. WOOD,
(The Young American Actor,
Author of "The Boy Captain of the 71st
N. Y.," "From the Street," "The Boss
Boy Bootblack of New York," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

MATTIE WINTERTON'S PERIL.

IN a fairly well furnished room on the second floor of a quiet house, in a secluded

at all abashed. "Shall I light the lamp? It will be dark here soon, and—"

"You can do as you please," said Mattie coldly. "I have no interest whatever in your household affairs."

The woman locked the door, put the key in her pocket and began to bustle about, dusting here, changing the arrangements of ornaments or furniture there, evidently expecting that the prisoner would talk, and being most anxious to hear her.

She finally seemed to despair of accomplishing this and, striking a match, lighted a large lamp standing upon a table in the center of the apartment.

"Haden't I better pull the shade down?" she then asked.

Mattie said nothing.

She appeared not to have heard.

The woman repeated the question.

"I told you I took no interest in your affairs," returned Mattie. "You can do as you like."

"Somebody will discover the cheat. David himself may go to the house, I will be followed, I shall not be long a prisoner here, but—no, no, they will be unable to discover me, and this scoundrel will— Oh, it is horrible, I will not think of it!"

"Oh, the shame, the insult of it. Bring me here by a cheat and then propose marriage—as if I would marry a creature who would stoop to such a deed! Marry Hamilton Wardrake? Never! Better death!"

By degrees she grew calmer, and at last resumed her seat, sitting silent and motionless gazing out at the darkness, but with her mind far away.

It was after nine o'clock when a step was heard in the hall outside, the key was turned in the lock, the door opened and Hamilton Wardrake entered, faultlessly dressed, an evil smile upon his face, and every movement indicating the animal, the cruel, unrepenting beast of prey.

"Well," he said in his softest tones and

which house it is. It's one of these three anyhow, but I ain't sure of the right one. Wonder if the bloke'll show up?"

Dave had gone directly to Nineteenth street upon learning of Mattie's absence, and when in front of the houses he had noticed when escaping from Cool Dick, he began to study the matter over.

"If that bloke Wardrake ain't Mr. Cool Dick with his mustache taken off I'll eat my hat," he muttered. "I got onto him sure last night when he got to talking soft and oily to Bill in the carriage and I know I ain't out o' the way."

"He's took Miss Mattie here, I'll bet a cent, but he ain't goin' to keep her here, not if I know anything about it. He's playing high, he is, and I'd like to know just what for. I know it ain't for no good, but I'll get ahead of him if it kills me."

"I knowed he was crooked first off, but I never thought he was Cool Dick till last night, but now I'm sure of it. I'd like to know what the bluff was for, but I'll find out."

"She never would have went with him if she hadn't thought I was hurt, and that was his scheme and this is the job he spoke about, but I'll spoil it."

The boy stood watching the suspected houses for a long time, until it began to grow dark in fact, without discovering anything.

"If he sees me now he'll be sure to know me," he muttered at last. "Why didn't I think of it? I've got ter change my things! Let me see, he ain't going to let her go right away if she is there, and I guess I've got time."

Hurrying home, he changed his clothes, putting on an old patched suit and a cap, and returning to his post of observation.

It was quite dark when he reached the suspected houses again, and for a few minutes he stood regarding them with a puzzled face.

They were ordinary New York houses, with high stoops and basement floors, a cellar grating being in front of each under one of the lower floor windows.

"I'd like to know just which one it is that he was goin' to take me to," he mused, "cause that's the one where he's took Miss Mattie."

As the clock on a neighboring church struck nine a quick footstep was heard on the opposite side, a man came hurrying along, and in a moment ascended the stoop of the central one of the three houses.

"That's him," muttered Dave. "H'm, there he goes. Got a key too. Lives there, I guess. H'm, how'm I goin' to get in without his seein' me?"

Waiting till the man had closed the door behind him Dave crossed the yard, leaped the iron fence and hurried to the cellar grating.

He lifted it without any trouble, the chain being unsecured, and lowered himself slowly, letting the grating down at the same time.

In a moment he was in the cellar and, striking a match on his shoe, looked about him.

There was a flight of stairs half way to the rear windows and up these he ran as lightly as a mouse.

The door at the top was locked and bolted.

"Here's a go," muttered the boy. "I ain't got a knife and I darsent bust the thing in. How'm I goin' to get in?"

Running down the steps he let himself out of the cellar by means of one of the rear windows and a second grating.

"I'm bound to get in somehow," he declared, "if I have to— Gee! the very thing!"

There was a grape arbor in the rear yard running from the ground to the second story windows.

There were lights in the second story windows, and one shade was not pulled all the way down.

"I'll just see what's up there, first of all," he thought, as he began climbing the cross slats of the arbor.

"Gee! this thing ain't any too strong!" he exclaimed, as the frail slats creaked under his weight. "Lucky I ain't very big or I might catch a nasty fall."

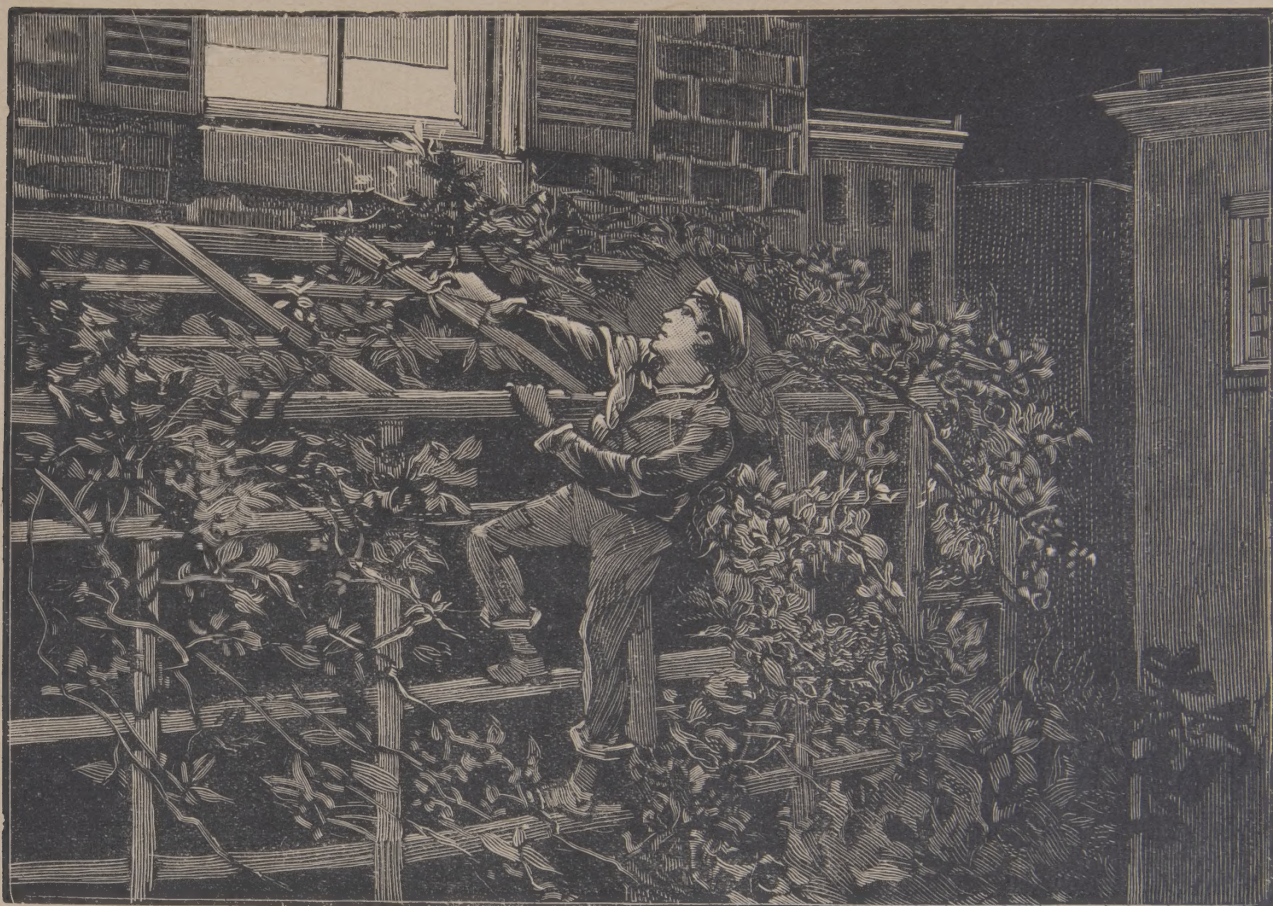
Up and up he went till he reached the top of the upright part of the trellis.

From this point there was a space of ten feet or more to cross in order to reach the window, the top of the trellis slanting at a decided upward angle from the upper beam of the main structure to a stanchion nailed against the wall of the house.

As Dave seized one of the cross slats of the upper part of the trellis to draw himself up, he suddenly caught sight of some one in the room above.

"Gee, there she is—yes, and there's his nibbs! My, but there's something going on."

It was just as the boy's face was pressed within a few inches of the window, that Mattie Winterton caught sight of him.



THERE WERE LIGHTS IN THE SECOND STORY WINDOWS, AND ONE SHADE WAS NOT PULLED ALL THE WAY DOWN. "I'LL JUST SEE WHAT'S UP THERE, FIRST OF ALL," HE THOUGHT, AS HE BEGAN CLIMBING THE CROSS SLATS OF THE ARBOR. "GEE! THIS THING AIN'T ANY TOO STRONG!" HE EXCLAIMED, AS THE FRAIL SLATS CREAKED UNDER HIS WEIGHT.

neighborhood, Mattie Winterton sat in a disconsolate attitude in a cushioned chair gazing at the floor.

Traces of tears were in her eyes, but there was a look of determination in her face which showed that she had by no means lost courage, and that she would meet the worst with true courage.

For a long time she sat in silence, and even as the shadows began to lengthen and darkness to gather in the room, she sat motionless, gazing at the floor.

A woman presently entered, after having unlocked the door, and said in a constrained voice:

"Can I do anything for you, ma'am?"

"No," said Mattie, "except to release me from this prison."

"Oh, but you know that I can't do that, ma'am. The master would not allow it."

"Your master, perhaps, but not mine," said the brave girl. "I demand to be set free, and you can tell him for me that the longer he keeps me here, the greater danger he is in from the law."

"Wouldn't you like something to eat?" asked the woman, evading a direct reply to Mattie's remark.

"No. I want nothing except freedom."

"Oh, but you'll get that, you know, if you will only do as the gentleman wishes, and—"

"I have seen no gentleman," said Mattie, bitterly, "and you can spare me your advice."

"But I'm sure he would love you, and treat you like a lady, if you would only—"

Mattie made an impatient gesture, and said shortly:

"You have said quite enough. I have given this scoundrel an answer, and shall not change it. You need not remain."

"All right, ma'am," said the woman, not

The woman pulled the shade down to within a few inches of the sill, saying:

"These shades are second-handed and don't fit, ma'am, but I suppose you don't mind that."

Again Mattie appeared not to have heard.

"Maybe you don't mind people seeing in," continued the woman.

"No, the light may show some friend my prison," said Mattie, "and guide them to me."

"Oh, there ain't anything back there but factories," laughed the other. "This is the back of the house you know."

Mattie said nothing, and the woman, finding her so unresponsive, took the key from her pocket and unlocked the door.

"The gentleman will call this evening, I expect," she said, standing in the doorway. "You will see him, won't you?"

"If I am obliged to—yes!"

"But don't you think you'd better give him the answer he wants, and—"

"Go!" said Mattie, rising imperiously and beckoning toward the door with a sweep of her arm.

"I did not expect insults from a woman. If you are in the pay of this scoundrel you will not better your position by your interference. Go!"

The woman retired abashed, locking the door on the outside.

"To think that I should be subjected to this outrage, to this degradation," said the prisoner, bitterly, pacing the room like a caged animal. "Oh, why did I not see through this transparent plot? Why did I not reason the thing out? Why didn't my common sense tell me that it was but a subterfuge to ensnare me?"

She paced up and down restlessly, now and again giving utterance to her thoughts, bitter or hopeful, as her mood changed.

oiliest smile, "have you come to a determination, my dear Miss—"

"You can spare me your disgusting endearments, sir," interrupted Mattie. "You already know my decision. I have not altered my determination."

"Nor I mine," said the other, still smiling. "I have determined that you shall be my wife."

"And I have determined the exact reverse."

"It's useless for you to try to cross me in this," said Wardrake. "This place is unknown to your friends, I can keep you as long as I please, every one in the house is in my pay and will do my bidding unquestioningly, so you see that you are completely in my power."

"And do you call this love?" demanded the girl, scornfully.

"No. I call it diplomacy, but love will follow, never fear. A woman always admires the man who can conquer her."

"Some miserable creatures, who call themselves women, may do so," returned Mattie, with the most ineffable scorn, "but I am not of that sort. Leave me, sir! I have nothing further to say!"

The man's suavity was not proof against the scorn expressed in the brave girl's tone, rather than in her words, and he changed at once from the oily villain to the brute.

"But I have this to say!" he declared, with a savage imprecation, striding angrily forward, "you shall be my wife or never leave this place alive!"

At that instant Mattie looked toward the window, and stood suddenly still as if rooted to the spot.

CHAPTER XIV.

JUST IN TIME.

"LET me see—I think I ought to know

In an instant she realized that he had come to rescue her, and the knowledge deprived her for a brief moment of all power of speech or motion.

Seeing her standing there, Wardrake paused for a moment irresolute.

Then he recovered himself, and springing forward seized her rudely by the arm. "We'll see if I cannot bend you to my will," he hissed. "You shall marry me within the hour or—what's that?"

The glass in the entire lower sash was suddenly shattered by a few swift blows, falling in a shower on the carpet.

In an instant the middle bar dividing the panes was snapped in two and a boy leaped into the room.

"Shiner! Thank God!"

"Yes, Miss Mattie, it's me, Shiner, the New York bootblack! Get out of the way you big brute, or I'll smash you!"

With the impetuosity of a tiger Dave hurled himself upon the scoundrel and dashed him to the floor.

"Don't you get up!" the boy cried, angrily, "or I'll fill you full o' holes. I know you, Mr. Cool Dick, Mr. Baxter Hampton and Mr. Hamilton Wardrake, and if I hear any nonsense out o' you I'll give you dead away to the cops."

"Curse you!" growled the discomfited villain, essaying to arise, "I'll pay you for

"Open the door, Miss Mattie!" cried Dave, "I'll take care of this pup!" and the boy seized a chair and brandished it above Cool Dick's head.

He had penetrated the man's identity and knew him to be a thorough scoundrel, but he no longer feared him, for now his own danger was not thought of, but only the peril of one whom he had come to regard with the deepest affection.

"The door is unlocked—the key is on the outside—quick, Dave!" cried Mattie, as she threw the door open and hurried into the hall.

Dave was at her side in an instant.

As the villain followed, reaching toward his hip pocket for his revolver, Dave sprang at him, struck him a heavy blow with the chair and broke it in pieces on his head, felling him.

He fell inside the room, and in a trice Dave had closed the door and locked it, and seizing Mattie's arm, cried excitedly:

"Now we're off. Quick, or he'll catch us yet, but if he does I'll kill him or let him kill me before he gets you!"

CHAPTER XV.

COOL DICK STILL AT WORK.

"DAVID, my boy, you have done us all a service that I can never repay. Ask any favor of me and it shall be granted."

"I don't want anything, sir, indeed I don't. I'd have done twice as much for Miss Mattie."

"But, my boy, you must allow me to repay you in some manner for what you have done."

"I'm paid already, sir, now that Miss Mattie is all right. That's enough."

"But I wish to do something to show my gratitude, my boy. You must let me make some return."

"You want to do something for me real bad?"

"Yes. Tell me what you would like best of all, and you shall have it."

"Then I wish you could find Tillie and cure her of being crazy."

"It shall be done; but that is not for yourself, David."

"Oh, that's all right, sir."

"No, it is not."

"Well, then, I tell you what, sir. Give Pete Green a job in the store."

"He shall have it, but you haven't asked for anything for yourself."

"Well, I know, but—"

"Wouldn't you really like something on your own account, David?" asked Mattie, who was present at the interview between Shiner and her father.

The boy had succeeded in making his escape from the house and had taken the young lady home, where Mr. Winterton was informed of all that had happened.

"I donno as I would, Miss Mattie," answered the boy, in reply to Mattie's question, "unless—"

"Yes, unless what, David? It can't be too much, I know. What is it?"

"Well, I'd like to know more'n I do, I can scarcely read, and I can't write a bit, and as for figures—well, I ain't in it, that's all."

"You shall go to school at once," said the merchant.

"Yes, but I'd like to stay in the store too, 'cause then I can see Mr. Carstone and be helping Pete along. He's a good feller, Pete is, but he's slow, and if he don't have somebody to brace him up he'll get rattled and think everybody's makin' fun of him."

"You shall go to school and you shall stay in the store also."

"Then that's settled, and I'm much obliged."

"But who is this Tillie you spoke of, David?"

"She was a woman in the circus and she was good to me, and she knows who I am, and I'd like to find out, 'cause—well, 'cause—"

"Yes?"

"'Cause I'd like to be somebody. Now I ain't nobody, only just Shiner, the boot-black."

"But where is this woman?"

"I donno, sir. Sometimes she's one place and sometimes another. That feller Dick or Wardrake wanted to kill her, I don't know why."

"It was very clever in you to have seen through the scoundrel's disguise, my boy, I would never have done it. I had no idea that he was such a villain."

"Well, he didn't know I was listenin' or I don't s'pose he'd have given himself away like he did."

"Well, we are well rid of him at all events. He will never call here again, and if he remains in the city he is liable to arrest."

"Oh, he'll skip, but he's a bad one, Mr. Winterton, and you want to watch out for him. He'll try some of his games some other time, you see."

"So we will, my boy," laughed the merchant, "but if he does, I think we can depend on you to outwit him as you did this time."

"Well, I ain't afraid of him, or not as much as I was, anyhow."

Mr. Winterton did all that he had promised or as much as was possible, for Pete was given a place in the store, Dave received lessons every afternoon and evening, and search was made for Tillie.

The latter task proved unavailing, however, for the woman could not be found, although she was advertised for in all the city papers and in many out of town.

Cool Dick, the man of many aliases, disappeared at once, and Mr. Charley Dawson the bareback rider also failed to put in an appearance, the police searching diligently for both worthies.

It was several days after the rescue of Mattie Winterton, when Dave getting away early from his lessons, rode downtown to the old house to see Mother Harpy.

The place was deserted, apparently, but Dave did not mean to go away without having made an effort to see the woman, and he therefore knocked softly upon the boarded up lower door.

At first there was no answer, and the knock was repeated.

Still Dave heard nothing, and he was about to knock again, when a voice at his elbow said:

"So, so, my boy. You want to see me, do you?"

He turned and saw the old woman standing against the wall, but whether she had come or how he was at a loss to tell.

"Yes'm, I do," he said.

"Come in," muttered the old woman, pushing aside a board or two, and revealing a narrow opening, leading the way, after restoring the boards to their original position when inside.

They had hardly entered, when a man came out of the shadow of a doorway opposite, and hurriedly followed, muttering savagely:

"Ha! I thought he would come to see the old woman at last. Now, my young friend, I will make sure of you this time, and put beyond any one's power to ever solve the secret of your life."

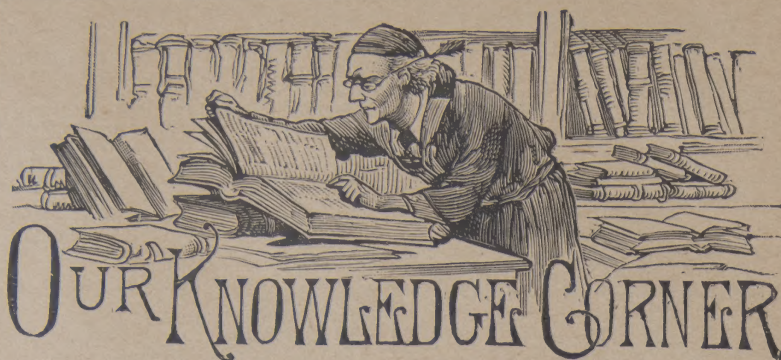
The man was Cool Dick, Shiner's sworn enemy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IF YOU ARE NOT INTERESTED IN COLLECTING POSTAGE STAMPS YOURSELF, TELL SOME FRIEND WHO IS ABOUT OUR GREAT CITY.

In Persia there is a kind of snake which is known to the natives as the clock winding snake. It derives its name from a peculiar buzzing noise which it makes that resembles the winding of a clock. These snakes are perfectly harmless and frequently glide in and out of the houses, no attention being paid to them by the natives. During a visit there several years ago I was attracted one morning by an unusual twittering of birds, and on looking up saw about twenty sparrows on the top of a wall, all jumping about in an excited manner. At first I was at a loss to understand the cause of such a commotion, but presently I heard the peculiar buzzing of the clock winding snake, and in a minute perceived the reptile crawling along the wall, making directly for the birds, which appeared to be fascinated and made no attempt to fly away. The snake glided in among the birds, and, choosing one to his liking, deliberately seized it in his mouth and swallowed it. I picked up a stick, and after killing the snake, cut him open and extracted the sparrow. After about ten minutes' exposure to the sun the bird got up, and in a few minutes more flew away apparently unharmed.

IF YOU WANT TO GET A RARE COLLECTION OF FOREIGN POSTAGE STAMPS, CUT OUT THE COUPON IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF HAPPY DAYS.



Peculiar Perils of the Deep.

BY FRANCIS WORCESTER DOUGHTY.

BESIDES the perils of wind and wave which beset the sailor at all times and seasons, there are certain peculiar perils of the deep.

These, indeed, are many and various, changing with the latitude in which they are encountered. Let us consider a few, principally such as relate to the pictures we have chosen, of which the picture of the Sargasso, or "Grassy Sea," is one.

They are doubtless caused like the Sargasso by an eddy or neutral point between ocean currents.

Such a place is the "lumber yard" as it is called, north of the equator in the east Atlantic.

Here at last come fragments of wreck, planks, barrels and all manner of rubbish thrown overboard from foundering ships, after floating hither and thither over the stormy seas.

Here at last rot and waste away many an abandoned ship. It reaches this point and can go no further. And there are not wanting instances of ships which have become entangled in all this mass of floating



Fig. 1.—THE GRASSY SEA.

Many years ago the writer passed through a part of the Grassy Sea on a small steamer. The view of this peculiar place exhibited in Figure 1, is very correct.

Here for miles upon miles in every direction the surface of the ocean presents the appearance of a vast garden, interspersed by lakes.

The location of the Grassy Sea is south and westward of the Canary Islands, its position varying somewhat with the changes of the Gulf Stream.

One of the first indications that a ship has reached the edge of the Gulf Stream is the gulfweed, as it is called, floating first in small patches and then in masses, growing larger and more frequent and giving the idea that land is not far distant, when it is yet, perhaps many hundred miles away.

This as one sails westward from Florida keeps on increasing until at length the gulf weed is everywhere and the water scarcely to be seen at all.

The voyager has then reached the Sargasso, or grassy sea.

Here vast deposits of this weed grow and float on the surface of the ocean, in the center of the Atlantic eddies; it collects there in such dense masses as almost to seem like marshlands overflowed, and offers considerable resistance to the progress of the ship.

Similar floating islands of verdure exist north of the Sandwich islands and in the neighborhood of Australia, which has not been much explored, being out of the regular track of ships.

rubbish and unable to extricate themselves have been abandoned to their fate. Indeed the Sargasso offers similar dangers. To become entangled in these strange places are among the many peculiar perils of the deep.

The Maelstrom lies to the southward of the Loffoden Islands, off the coast of Norway, near a large rock between Moskenes and Var.

It is one of the most remarkable ocean currents on the globe. In former times, owing to the exaggerated statements of old writers, it was believed that the Maelstrom had the power to suck ships into its tunnel-like vortex.

In spite of the many false statements concerning it, the Maelstrom, which we picture in Figure 2, is a place full of peculiar peril. In summer time, just before the turn of the tide, it may be safely crossed even by small boats, and steamers can breast its turbulent waters at any tide, except in winter or when the wind is against the tide, when it boils in a manner really terrific.

Its danger lies not so much in its power to suck ships down as to whirl them nearer and nearer the rocks until they are dashed to pieces.

The Pentland Firth, between the Orkney Islands and Scotland, is a passage abounding in peculiar peril.

Here the tide rushes through the narrow channel with such fury that large ships have been foundered.

It is peculiarly unsafe when the wind is

high and moves in the same direction as the tide.

In tropical seas, especially in the Indian ocean, the water spout has ever been regarded as one of the peculiar perils of the deep.

Figure 3 fairly illustrates a twin water-spout bursting near a ship.

The water spout is actually a cyclone at

Near the Equator these squalls particularly prevail and the signs which precede them are perceptible only to the most experienced eye.

A white squall is thus described by an eye witness:

"On our voyage out (to Australia) we met with a large ship homeward bound. The day was fair, and the wind dying

Figure 4 is a graphic illustration of the effect of a typhoon on a ship at sea.

The velocity of the wind in an ordinary gale is from thirty to forty miles an hour. In the typhoon it is increased from eighty to a hundred miles, and has even been observed as high as one hundred and twenty miles.

It is hard to imagine any vessel standing against a blow like this. The great hurri-

The Peruvian tidal wave which destroyed Callao, swept in eight hours to Japan, overwhelming cities and fleets, and was accompanied by the most tremendous earthquakes of the century.

It is a circumstance worth noting that the great majority of the earth's volcanoes are either on the coast or on islands, showing a direct relation between volcanoes and the ocean not at all understood.

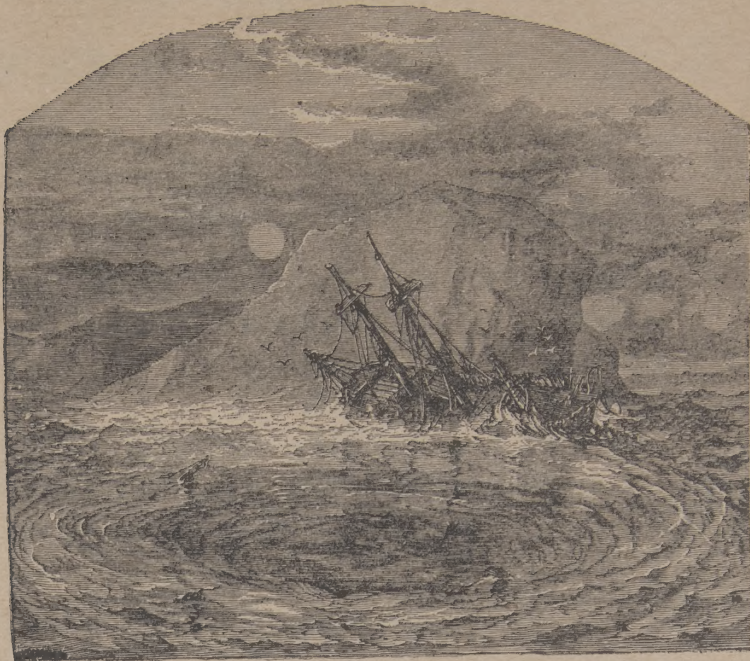


Fig. 2.—THE MAELSTROM.

sea—such a cyclone as proves so destructive on our western prairies we mean, and is usually the forerunner of those long blows which are often termed cyclones on the Atlantic coast.

The explanation of the water spout is simple.

A whirlwind or gyrating current of air seizes the water as on land it snatches up

away, the vessels were becalmed close together. The passengers at once busied themselves to write letters home, and officers and crew became occupied in the exchange of courtesies.

"The beautiful weather led to a feeling of security which can never be safely indulged in at sea.

"All the canvas was set, idly flapping

cane of 1873 caused the loss of one thousand vessels in the North Atlantic.

The coast of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton was strewn with wrecks. Forests and houses went down before it. And yet there were many small fishing schooners of not over forty tons burden that rode out the hurricane in safety.

Again, among the peculiar perils of the deep we have tidal waves, or unexpected rises of the sea.

Tidal waves often accompany a hurricane. Sweeping inland with a fury which knows no control, they overwhelm houses and forests, founder fleets, or lift them

Fig. 4.—THE TYPHOON.



It has been claimed that the rush of the sea into the caves or fissures at the base of volcanoes produces a force of steam which must find vent, and earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are the result, often attended with the discharge of large quantities of water.

The coast of the Pacific has, as it is called, a line of fire, a row of active volcanoes encircling it from Mount Erebus in the south to Mount St. Elias in the north.

Instances of islands being thrown up during such convulsions are not uncommon.

In the year 1866, off the island of Santo-



Fig. 3.—WATERSPOUTS.

sand, houses, trees, etc., and whirls them into the clouds.

A cannon ball brought to bear on a water-spout will sometimes cause it to break.

When there are several in a row as is often the case on the Black Sea where they are particularly common, they look like a colonnade of majestic pillars supporting the sky.

Another peculiar peril of the deep is the White Squall.

Such squalls come almost without warning and with fearful rapidity and violence, and twist the masts out of a ship and capsize her.

against the masts, when a terrific white squall struck both ships and passed off in a few moments. When the confusion and excitement resulting from it was over we looked to see what damage the homeward bound ship had sustained, but we looked in vain. She had gone down with all on board, and not a vestige of her could be seen anywhere on the wide sea which looked as serene and beautiful as if nothing had happened."

Such are the dangers of the white squall. The typhoons of the Indian Ocean, or of the Pacific are simply the Atlantic hurricane under a different name.

from their anchors and leave them high and dry on shore, sometimes several miles inland.

Such a tidal wave destroyed a large stretch of country in Holland some hundreds of years ago, and other countries have more recently suffered in the same way.

A tidal wave eighty-nine feet high burst upon Callao, Peru, not many years since, almost destroying the city.

Another, in 1877, burst upon the shores of Bengal, India, completely submerged an island off the coast, and obliterated a population of two hundred and fifteen thousand souls in a single night.

The captain of an American bark at anchor in the roads of Chittagong on that fearful night, was surrounded by a fleet of one hundred and fifty sail, but when morning dawned he found that his vessel alone had escaped, all others having foundered or been driven ashore while the town lay in ruins, and the whole contour of the coast was changed.

Tidal waves are often caused by earthquakes, or the eruption of submarine volcanoes.

rini, in the Mediterranean, a very remarkable occurrence took place. Here, after much rumbling and disturbance in the water, a small island rose to the surface and upon it were two houses of solid masonry perfectly preserved.

It was an old island which records show to have sunk two thousand years before.

Another peculiar peril of the deep is what are termed Milk Channels, caused by moonlight on the water and having every appearance of channels.

These, of course, are dangerous only to small craft in shallow harbors where they often prove very misleading.

But the sea abounds in perils, and yet when one comes to think of it so does the land.

Is man in greater peril on one than on the other?

We doubt it. Death comes to all, and many of our ablest thinkers hold to the belief that it comes only at the pre-appointed time.

FOUR STROKES OF A PEN MAY BRING YOU \$50. SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON 16TH PAGE.



Fig. 5.—MILK CHANNELS.

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In drawing the faces you must not use more than four distinct pen movements in circles, curves, or whatever you may choose.

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